Silver Screen

March

0¢

in England

Joan Bennett

UNTOLD BLUNDERS OF HOLLYWOOD STARS!

A Doctor Tells

THE INTIMATE SECRETS OF A PRIVATE NURSE

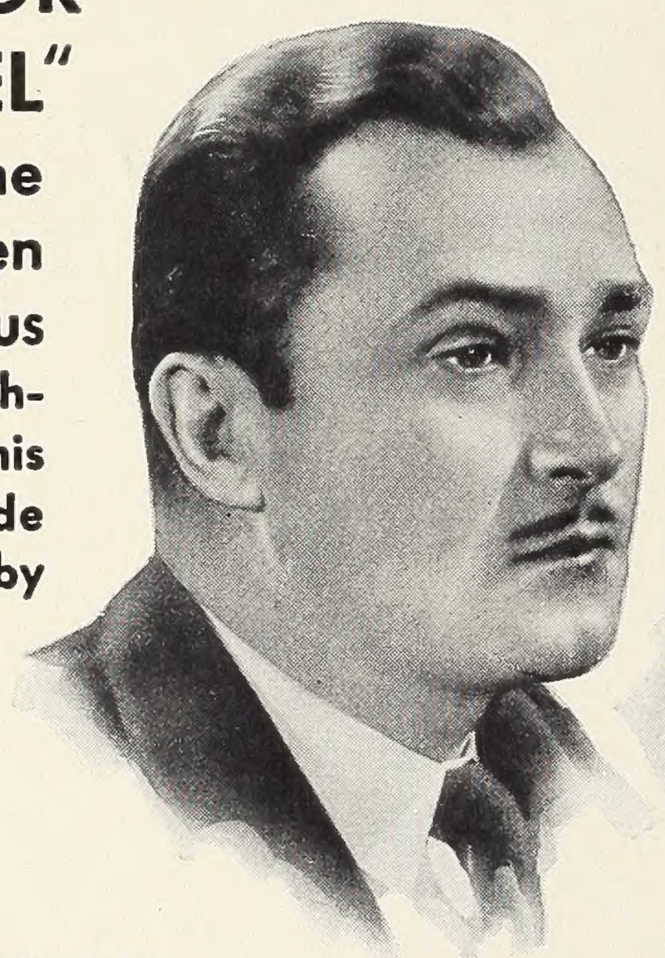
The first authentic, "inside" revelation of the cloistered, code-bound world of woman's most intimate profession—probing deeply and dramatically the souls of those bitter women who know men too well, yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment.



THE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THE CITADEL"

Bares the Heartache and Despair of Women the World Calls Callous

in a story even more searching and absorbing than his first great success—made trebly vivid and exciting by three brilliant stars.



CAROLE Lombard

BRIAN Aherne

ANNE Shirley



"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"

From the Brilliant New Novel by A. J. CRONIN

With JULIEN MITCHELL · ROB'T COOTE
BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production
Screen Play by Fred Guiol · P. J. Wolfson · Rowland Leigh

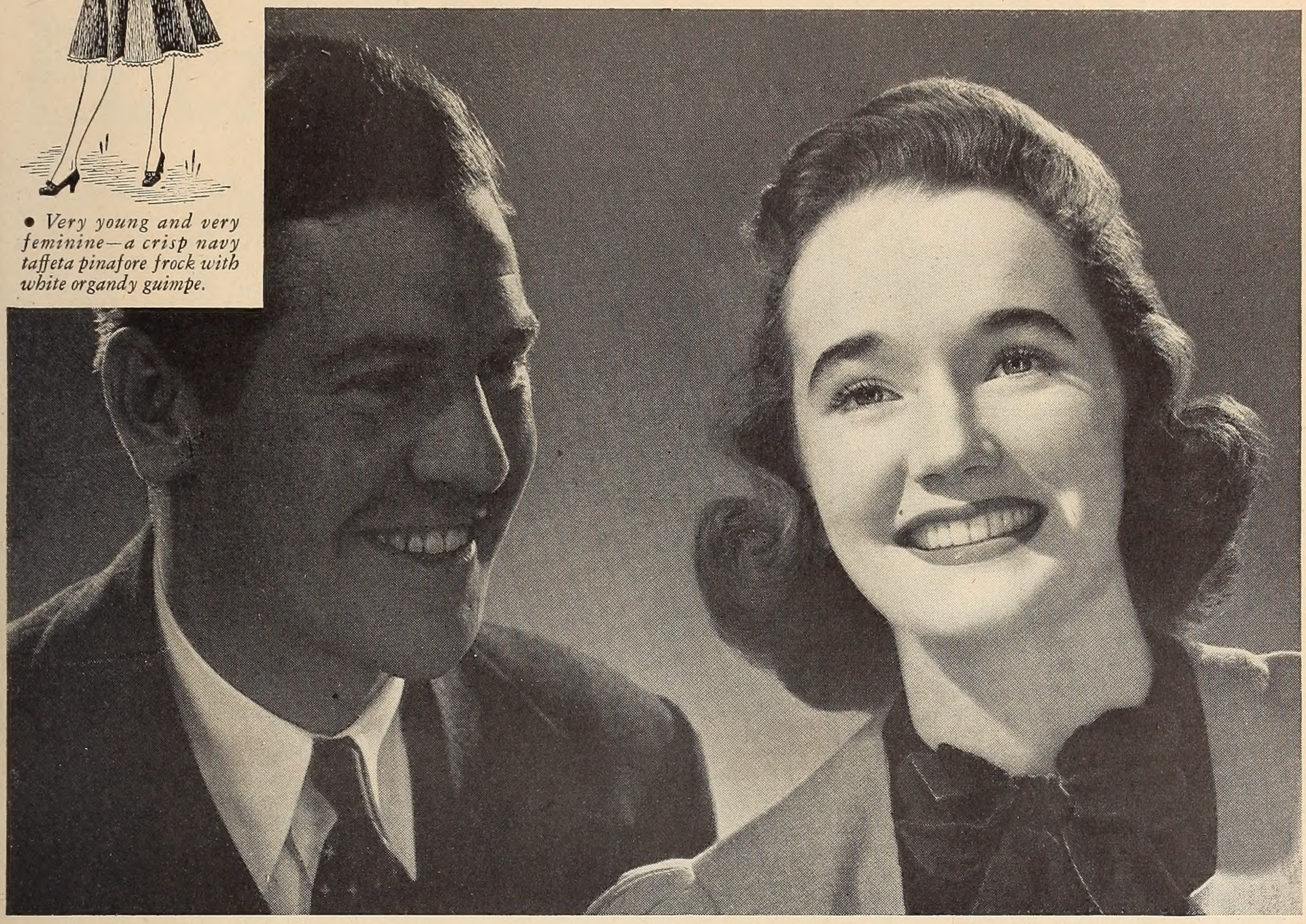
RKO RADIO PICTURE





• *Very young and very feminine—a crisp navy taffeta pinafore frock with white organdy guimpe.*

Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger" but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!



Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"— Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless . . . who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums . . . who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink" —*see your dentist!* It may mean nothing serious—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

JAN 26 1940

©CIB 444064

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

Movie stars are the cwaziest people. (*Or is that lifting too much from Lew Lehr?*) But I love 'em. I don't think I'd know how to attend a perfectly respectable dinner party now where the service was impeccable, the guests behaved, the host and hostess were dull, and nothing happened. Imagine suddenly glancing at your finger bowl at dinner and finding a live gold fish swimming around in it, with a hey nonny and a swish swish! Well, that's exactly what happened at Tyrone Power's and Annabella's the other night. I was that surprised I choked on my vino and had to be slapped on the back by Dick Powell (*that was all right, too*). Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Blondell did double takes that were better than anything they have done on the screen, and Barbara turned white and nearly fainted dead away. "Gold fish," I thought, "are rather unexpected at the dinner table to be sure. It isn't Yale. But why should Barbara let it throw her." I soon found out. Barbara's little fish had chosen just that moment to have itsy bitsy fishes!

Tyrone was delighted at our confusion. He is such a tease. He admitted that he and Anabella had sat up nearly all night trying to figure out a gag that would startle us. He hadn't exactly counted on motherhood.

Several nights later at the Dick Powell's, Jack Benny upset a glass of water in Barbara Stanwyck's lap (*everything happens to Barbara*) and Barbara had to remove her Hattie Carnegie and finish dinner in a crash towel, which gave quite a South Sea Island effect. During coffee in the living room later Fannie Brice decided that her foot hurt so she slipped out of her slippers and Robert Taylor gave her a foot massage. You can be quite sure that my foot immediately, but immediately, began to hurt, too. I'm no sluggard.

And of course, there was that wonderful night that Claudette Colbert slid a half broiled chicken accompanied by little peas into the lap of a very formidable foreign ambassador. And that never-to-be-forgotten night at the Walter Lang's when Bill Powell waltzed in quite gaily, lifted the turkey and its silver platter right off the table, and disappeared into the night. The next day the platter was returned with a ham on it—and pinned to the ham was a note which read, "Few people indeed can do what I have done. I have turned a turkey into a ham. Bill."

Never a dull moment among the movie stars.

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

MARCH, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

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Western Editor

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Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

FRED ASTAIRE
ELEANOR POWELL

IN

"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"



Hollywood Earfuls

What's being buzzed around about the gayer activities of your favorites

WHAT'S this about Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer ducking in and out of previews? At "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" preview the other night one of our spies reported that Lana and Greg arrived at the Pantages Theatre along with the other stars, posed in the foyer for the photographers, and then slipped out by a side door before the picture started. (*Maybe they just can't stand Charles Laughton, we thought, giving them the benefit of the doubt.*) But according to the publicity boys it's an old stunt with Lana and Greg. They get a lot of pictures taken of themselves, and don't have to see a preview. Tut, tut, Lana, is that nice?

Tyrone Power has recently bought an amphibian plane which he pilots himself. He and Annabella plan to fly to New York in it as soon as Ty finishes work in "Dance With the Devil," the picture he is making with Dorothy Lamour. Whether Dotty cuts her hair or not seems to be no concern of Ty's—but Twentieth and Dotty are having quite a feud over those long locks.

Shirley Temple is as thrilled as she can be because she has a bit to do in the school play at the Westlake School for Girls—where she is going to school for the first time in her life. Before she's always had a private tutor at the studio. Shirley brought a "boy friend" to the school dance the other night. The girls agreed that he was "nice," but not tall enough to dance with. Shirley will have to find some taller boy friends.

When he read the script of "Shooting High" Gene Autry promptly vetoed the scene in which he was supposed to kiss Marjorie Weaver, his heart interest in the picture. One of the columnists ran a story to that effect in a newspaper, so when it came time to take advance stills on the picture, Marjorie Weaver walked into the portrait gallery, and without waiting to be introduced to Autry kissed him smack on the mouth, and said, "So you won't kiss me, huh?"

Autry gagged that he didn't deserve the kiss. But he still insists that he will do no kissing on the screen—says he's not the type and all his kid fans want him riding and singing, not romancing.

Alice Faye has just received a letter from a former waiter who used to take great delight waiting on her at the Victor Hugo in Beverly Hills. The waiter, a Frenchman, is now on the Maginot Line. "We have named one of the big guns after you," he wrote Alice, "We call her La Petite Alice. Because when she goes into action she will slay them."

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul have already bought property in Bel-Air on which to build their home when they are married. Contrary to rumors their engagement was not announced on Deanna's recent birthday—but it will be announced any minute now.



Sonja Henie and Alan Curtiss, still a tireless twosome. *Below:* Paulette Goddard and Bing Crosby as a team lost to Ruby Keeler Jolson and Bob Hope in a recent charity golf match.



***Above:* Deanna Durbin with her sister, who's married. *Right:* Alice Faye and agent Vic Orsatti at latter's recent birthday party.**

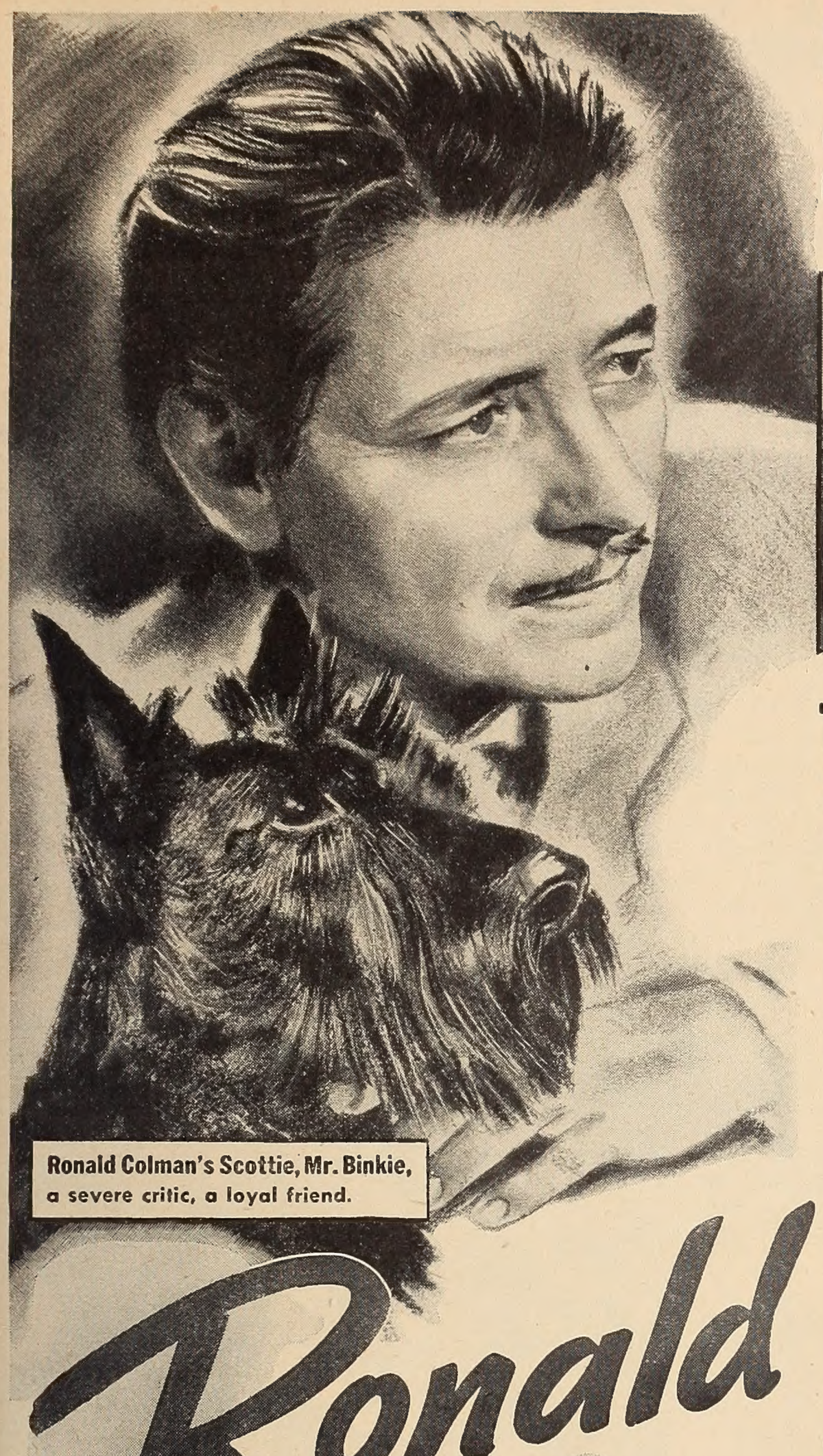


And now it's Eleanor Powell and Randy Scott. Randy gets about almost as much as that Rooney boy.

Isabel Jewell's steady escort at late supper at the Beverly Brown Derby is Crilly Butler, eastern socialite and writer. Following the "Balalaika" preview, Isabel wore a diamond-studded mistletoe hair clip.

Cesar Romero has been dividing his time between beauing Ginger Rogers (*she's going social again after a year of being Hollywood's number two hermit*), Loretta Young, Nancy Kelly and Roberta Molineaux Cooper. He and Ann Sheridan are

[*Continued on page* 65]



Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie, a severe critic, a loyal friend.

ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE . . .

ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD PLAY SUCH A ROLE!



To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun . . . but more than that . . . the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON

Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges

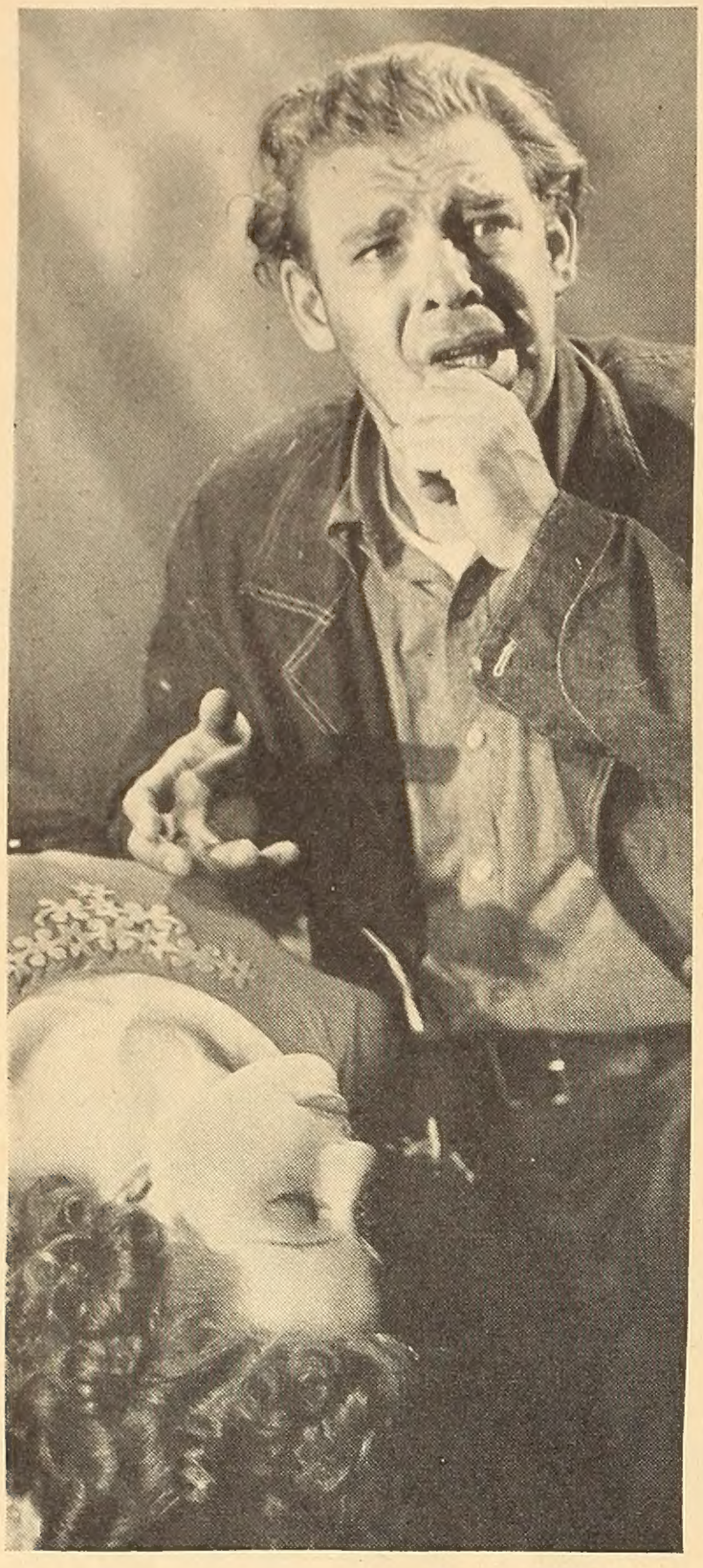
Produced and Directed by **WILLIAM A. WELLMAN**

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!



Above: Lon Chaney, Jr., and Betty Field in the tragic "Of Mice and Men."

A CHILD IS BORN *(Warner Brothers)*—Fair. While Geraldine Fitzgerald and Jeffrey Lynn turn in fine, sensitive characterizations, the atmosphere and theme of this yarn hurt it almost from the start. The scene is a maternity ward of a city hospital, and practically all the feminine characters are just about to become mothers. Distinctly not for the kiddies.

AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE *(Columbia)*—Amusing. One of those light, comic mystery yarns in which the blithe and nonchalant detective is forever on the verge of marrying the girl of his dreams when his interest is once again focussed on a new "case." The two charming people in this case are Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell.

ANOTHER THIN MAN *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*—Good. Although we're happy to say How-de-do to Bill Powell again as Nick Charles, and Hi There to Myrna Loy as the Perfect Wife we can't say that this sequel to that mystery yarn *par excellence*, "The Thin Man," catches up with it in pace or charm or story. It does make a gallant effort, though, and you won't go away too disappointed.

DAY-TIME WIFE *(20th Century-Fox)*—Good. One of those inconsequential, but amusing plots *(no matter how often repeated)* about the wife, jealous of her husband's secretary, who decides to get a job and a new heart interest of her own. Well played by Linda Darnell, Tyrone Power, Binnie Barnes and Warren William.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT *(20th Century-Fox)*—Fair. Here we have two rival reporters, an Englishman and an American, searching for a missing Nobel prize winner in Switzerland. They run into vivacious Sonja Henie instead and she amazes them with her wizardry on skiis and skates. Also, her father turns out to be the man they're seeking. Plenty of action and romance in this. *(Ray Milland—Robert Cummings.)*

FIRST LOVE *(Universal)*—Excellent. Deanna Durbin's first grown-up role is a Cinderella one with a fairy-tale charm that makes one hate to see it end. Again she delights us with her beautiful singing voice and wholesome personality.

[*Continued on page* 14]

Right: Saucy Lucille Ball and Kay Kyser in the tuneful "That's Right, You're Wrong." *Below:* Ann Sothern, William Gargan and Lewis Stone in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President," an unusual yarn.



LORETTA YOUNG

shows you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—



Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! Clever women everywhere find this wise, gentle care really *works*—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs to stay lovely. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.



YOU want to have smooth, soft skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Checking on *Their* Comments

By Frederick James Smith

FOLKS expected W. C. Fields and Mae West to battle on sight when they began to co-star in Universal's "My Little Chickadee." According to rumor, they haven't. Mae has had her own way rewriting her lines to suit herself, Fields forgets all his own and those of everybody else, anyway. And improvises as he goes. To be positive about what Mae and W. C. thought of each other, I put the question to them.

Fields, I suspect, punned a bit when he replied: "The public thought I was going to fight with Miss West about our picture but, on the contrary, I regard her as my bosom friend." *Then he went on,* "After what I've been through in my life, wrestling with a mere goat for a scene in 'My Little Chickadee' was a cinch. Why, I've done things which make that look like sissy stuff. Like the time I had to let a lion chase me and was supposed to duck out a side door. But when I got there the door was nailed shut. That really gave me a few uneasy moments. But a goat—poof!"

Said Mae: "Too many people spend too much time thinking about the past. I am still living for the future. What happened yesterday, or even two minutes ago, doesn't matter. It's tomorrow that counts. The only way to get ahead in this work is to plan what you're going to do, not think about what you've done.

"I am sure that 'My Little Chiackadee'

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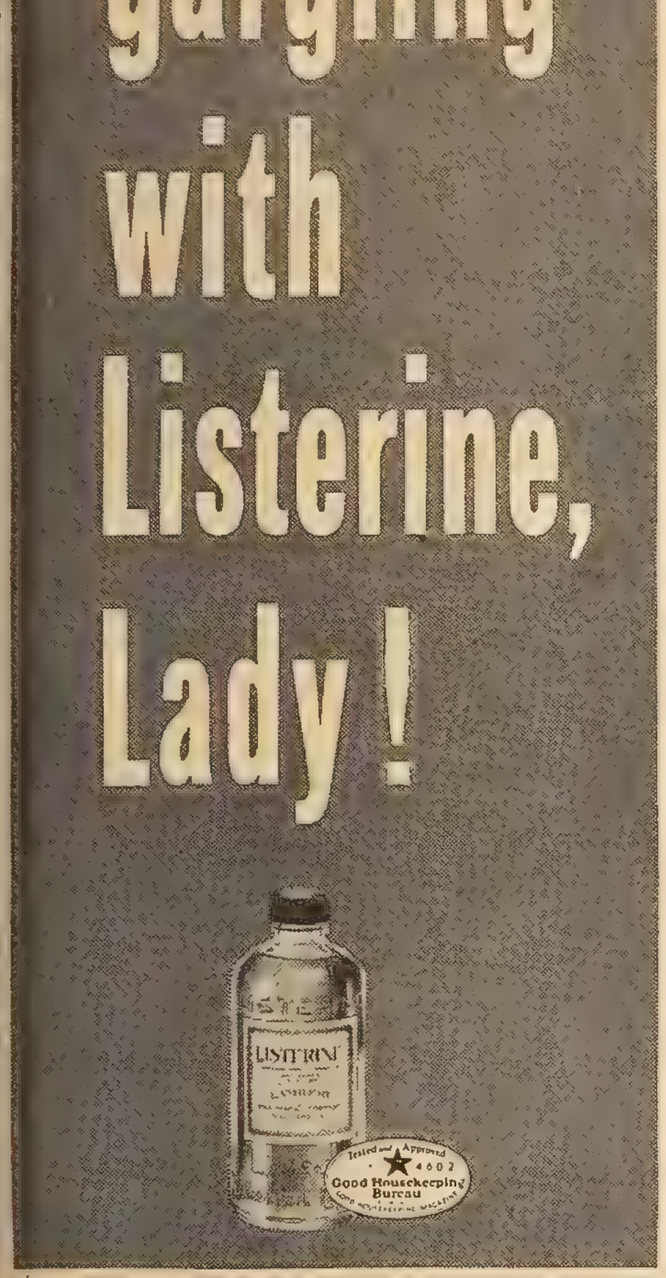
Claims Jeanette MacDonald, "The path of a singing star in films is more difficult than that of a dramatic actress because the singing star must be equal to a two-fold career. She must be able to act. She must sing."

"The public thought I was going to fight with Miss West," says W. C. Fields, "but on the contrary, I regard her as my bosom friend." Wow!

"I hadn't played in enough pictures during my four years at Metro to beat my fear of the camera," admits Allan Jones. "You can't succeed, you can't do anything, until you lick the camera."

The stars may say one thing in an interview and inwardly mean another, so let's check back and read between-the-lines

Better start gargling with Listerine, Lady!







WHEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection . . . throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it's a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users . . . fewer sore throats, too.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

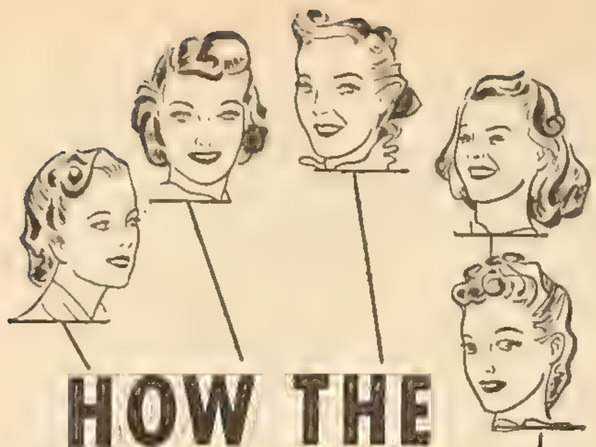
In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING

—to tell of Tampax!



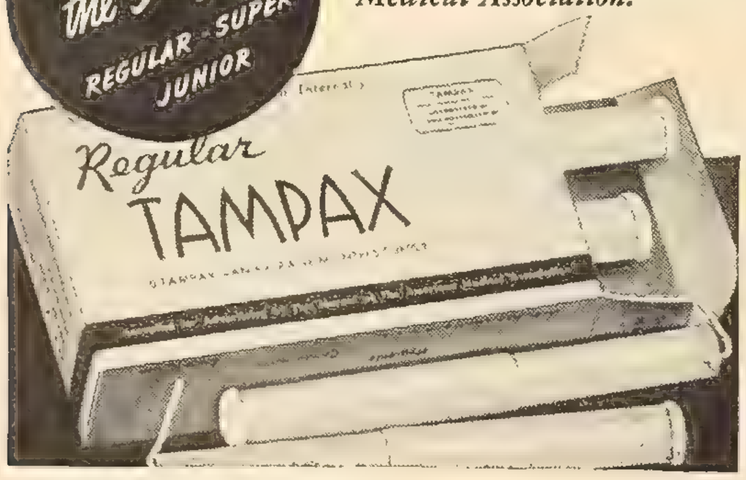
NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of *the new Super Tampax* size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is *worn internally* for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is *not conscious of it*, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, hygienically sealed in individual containers, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! Comfortable, efficient, compact to carry in your purse.

Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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Beauty BY A DESIGNING LADY



By Mary Lee

Make-up and costumes should add to your natural beauty and personality, thinks Lupe Velez

"BEAUTY with a bang" is the best description I know for Lupe Velez, currently starring in "Mexican Spitfire." There is a pleasantly startling and awakening quality in Lupe that makes you open your eyes and take notice. On my very first visit to Hollywood some years ago, Lupe was the first star I met, and I recall lunching with her in the M-G-M restaurant and marveling at her exotic beauty. There is a cameo quality to her skin, a fire in her eyes that glows and dims like live coals, and an amazing vivacity to her lips that reveal white, even teeth.

The instincts of the designer and creator are strong within Lupe. Had she not achieved fame and fortune in Hollywood, undoubtedly her career would have been that of dress designer. She turns this designing instinct toward beauty, too. When I first met her, she was causing much comment and admiration by her luminous make-up. Lupe was one of the first to leave her skin au naturel in its pristine beauty—indeed, polishing her skin by rubbing it with a Turkish towel to make it shine—and concentrating make-up on eyes and mouth, alone.

For those with beautiful skin, this fashion is still good. Beautiful skin is truly rare, and those blessed with it should reveal it to the utmost. This means a faint, faint use of rouge and a powder very fine and light of texture to accent the natural quality of that skin rather than conceal it. A powder that answers these requirements, in my opinion, is Coty's "Air Spun" Face Powder, light as mist, because of the terrific spinning and mixing through which this powder goes in huge cylinders long before it reaches you in the familiar and cunning powder puff box. The use of a light weight powder also gives a younger, softer effect to the face. It will stay fresher looking longer, too, and when you must, you can repowder more frequently without giving your skin a dull, dead look. The whole art of using powder lies in applying it

very generously, evenly over the whole face, then dusting away most of it. You can use a powder brush or a piece of fresh cotton for this.

Lupe has another strong point for beauty—one that girls pray for—long lashes. Very glossy they are, too, without benefit of mascara. This brings up an idea for brow and lash allure that we seldom see—brows and lashes that shine with vitality, as does beautiful hair. There are two ways to achieve this special beauty point. One is to use a lubricant on your brows and lashes at night, and apply it with the eyebrow brushes that come for this purpose. Lacking the special brush, a mascara brush will substitute, though not so well. When your face is nice and clean at night, give your brows a good brushing with some "vaseline" white jelly, olive oil, castor oil or one of the branded brow and lash lubricants. By brushing your brows, you can train them into a more interesting and even line, and you can keep the tiny hairs of both brows and lashes in better condition. The second is to brush both brows and lashes with a similar lubricant after your make-up is on. Even if you have beautiful brows and lashes without benefit of art, powder clings and dims their color and lustre. Use a tiny bit of lubricant only. Lupe says, "Always brush the upper lashes upward, the lower downward, so that you form a frame for the eyes." I've seen girls move their mascara brushes back and forth on lashes, which only gives a made-up, matted effect, and is not for beauty.

Flashing, white teeth, like Lupe's make any mouth charming and expressive. They make a smile a *smile*, and they, somehow, add conviction to the words a mouth utters. Everyone cannot have those decidedly white teeth, any more than everyone can have blonde hair. But everyone can make teeth sparkle, for that is a matter of cleanliness. Thorough night and morning brushings, of course, with a good dentifrice. In-between brushings increase cleanliness and certainly add that assurance of mouth immaculacy. Just as I always advise soap and water *and* cream for skin cleanliness, I feel that we might well balance our tooth cleaning, by using alternately perhaps a paste, powder or liquid. If you like the liquid method, you are going to like Cue, a new liquid tooth cleanser. It's deep ruby, foams delightfully, cleans thoroughly and leaves your mouth fresh as a flower. It may be had in chain stores and drug and department stores.

The girl with real mouth beauty in mind will keep on hand dental thread and a good mouth wash. When teeth are crowded or crooked, the use of dental thread is advisable for removing food particles, particularly at night. Dentists, however, ask that you use the thread carefully and do not let it cut the gums. A mouth wash needs no urging, I am sure. It should be as much a part of one's grooming as a bath. Listerine, of course, gets a big bouquet from this department for its splendid mouth refreshing and breath corrective results.

To further enhance mouth appeal, apply lipstick carefully, and be sure the tone is right for you, regardless of whims in color fashions. Better a lovely mouth

[*Continued on page* 17]

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so *surely* guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* . . . but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing . . . fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

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Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

Prominent in the cast are Robert Stack, Helen Parrish, Eugene Pallette and Leatrice Joy.

FOUR WIVES *(Warner Brothers)*—Fine. Babies provide the *leitmotif* of this successor to the popular *Four Daughters* film, and, while it is not as spontaneously gay and diverting, it combines a pleasing mixture of fun and pathos all its own. Cast again includes: Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Gale Page, May Robson, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, Dick Foran. Eddie Albert is a welcome newcomer.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY *(Columbia)*—Fine. A remake of the famous *Front Page*—best remembered of all newspaper films—is bound to draw criticism from those who dislike having Hildy Johnston's role metamorphized into a woman's role. But the plot has been altered cleverly to meet the change of character and, as played by Rosalind Russell, you're bound to be entertained. Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy and Gene Lockhart make up the excellent cast.

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*—Amusing. The rather unusual idea of a couple of "average citizens" actually getting admitted to the sanctum of the president of these United States in order to present the sad case of another "average citizen" forms the plot of this yarn authored by Damon Runyon. As played by Ann Sothern, William Gargan, Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan, we can assure you plenty of fun.

NO PLACE TO GO *(Warner Brothers)*—Fair. Adapted from the play *Minick*, by Edna Ferber and George Jay Kaufman, this tells the somewhat weepy story of an old veteran who leaves a soldier's home in order to live with a wealthy son. After many amusing and some heart-rending episodes, he decides to go back to the home. Fine cast includes Fred Stone, Dennis Morgan and Gloria Dickson.

OF MICE AND MEN *(United Artists)*—Not for the squeamish. Although the censors have modified the ribald boldness of the original book and play of this title, it can be said that John Steinbeck's story of migratory laborers in California has been transported faithfully to the screen. Burgess Meredith plays the dreamer, Lon Chaney, Jr., the half-wit, Betty Field, the rancher's wife and Charles Bickford, the mule skinner. It is not exactly pleasant entertainment.

OUR NEIGHBORS—THE CARTERS *(Paramount)*—Good. Small town people always seem to find a warm spot for themselves in our hearts—and the Carters are no exception. Frank Craven plays "Doc," a druggist whose business has collapsed after the advent of chain drugstores. There are plenty of laughs, some tears and a number of grand performances. (*Fay Bainter, Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin.*)

REMEMBER? *(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*—Fair. Greer Garson (*the famous Mrs. Chips*) is co-starred with Robert Taylor



Anna Neagle, whose next is "Irene," dines with Dance Director Leonidoff.

and Lew Ayres in this somewhat screwy farce about married life. Bob and Greer marry and when they start "straining at the leash" Doctor Lew Ayres prescribes a love potion which, apparently, starts them off on the right track again. (*Billie Burke, Laura Hope Crews.*)

ROLL, WAGONS, ROLL *(Monogram)*—Good. Made to order for lovers of the Great Open Spaces is this newest western starring Tex Ritter. It has two Indian fights, plenty of action via the pioneer-covered wagon route, and romance, of course—the girl in the story being attractive Muriel Evans.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG *(RKO)*—Amusing. Swing addicts, and that means Small and Big Fry, will have a time for themselves at this film in which Kay Kyser, the popular exponent of this type of music, leads off with his famous band. There's a plot, too, but if you don't like swing, better choose another film. (*Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Lucille Ball, Edward Everett Horton, Ginny Simms.*

TOWER OF LONDON *(Universal)*—Fair. "Off with his head" seemed to be the favorite phrase used by those in command during the dark and bloody reigns of medieval English kings. The famous Tower, in those days, was not only a prison, but the home of the ruling house and this film gives you an idea of how Richard the Third gratified his lust for power. (*Basil Rathbone, Ian Hunter, Boris Karloff and Nan Grey.*)

TWO THOROUGHBREDS *(RKO)*—Fine. The poignant story of an orphan boy and the motherless foal he nurtures is told in such a sensitive way that, for all its simplicity, this is one of the stand-out films that has come along unheralded and unsung, like *A Man To Remember*. Little Jimmy Lydon is perfect as the boy. (*Joan Brodel, Marjorie Main.*)

WE ARE NOT ALONE *(Warner Brothers)*—Splendid. When you feel that you can stand facing the realities of life, see this, but not when you're in an escapist mood. It is a simple, beautiful but heart-breaking tale of a charming English country doctor whose compassionate interest in a lonely Austrian dancer brought tragedy down upon their heads. Excellently played by Paul Muni, Jane Bryan, Flora Robson and Una O'Connor.

Checking On Their Comments

[Continued from page 10]

will be my best picture, because it is the eighth one in which I have starred. And eight has always been lucky for me. I never have gone after this number, but whenever it comes into my life I know everything is going to be all right."

But not a word from Mae about Mr. Fields.

The result of the West-Fields co-starring effort will be interesting. I suspect that Miss West has outlived the garish shock of her first sexsational success, that Fields is a little hard to get down to scheduled, premeditated comedy. And it's practically impossible to catch unpremeditated funmaking in films. Still we'll see. Film postmortems are dangerous. You never can tell.

DID you ever think of the problems of a singing star in the films? They're double - barreled. Ask Jeanette MacDonald. According to Jeanette, it's a cinch just to act in films. You merely get out in front of the cameras and do what the director tells you. But if you're a singer— Listen to what Miss MacDonald says:

"The path of a singing star in films is more difficult than that of a dramatic actress because the singing star must be equal to a two-fold career. She must act. She must sing. She spends double time on every screen role. In addition to acting before the cameras, recordings and sound tracks must be made. She is called upon to rehearse, not only her dramatic scenes before the cameras, but her various songs away from the studio. During the making of a film she has little, if any time to herself. Rehearsals and recordings, coupled with the regular duties of the screen including costume fittings, interviews, pictures and the like, make twenty-four hours a day much too brief a time to cover the required territory.

"As far as roles are concerned, there are two which I am anxious to portray. One is already in the offing, as a matter of fact it will be my next picture. That is the character of Moonyeen in 'Smilin' Through,' a story which always has been my favorite. In the operatic category my choice falls upon 'La Traviata,' a role which I someday hope to do."

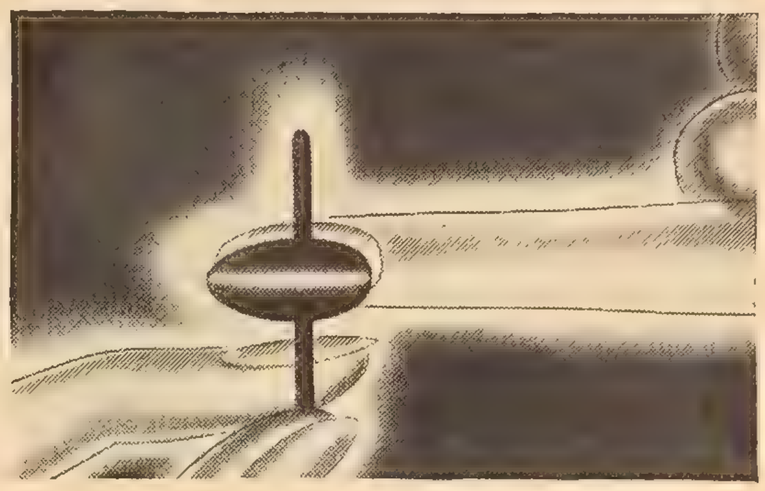
Think twice before you criticize a singing star after this. Think of the problems. But I'm not for opera on the screen, if that's what Jeanette is contemplating in regard to "La Traviata." Opera stories usually are mildewed melodrama with the characters bursting into lovely melody now and then. No, no, Jeanette, not "La Traviata." Tell us 'taint true.

HENRY Koster has directed five of the seven Deanna Durbin successes under Producer Joe Pasternak. The Pasternak-Koster combination has become something of a Hollywood tradition. Koster is a 34-year-old Berlin newspaper man who took to writing scenarios, sold one to Pasternak, followed that producer to Paris, Budapest and on to Hollywood. Becoming a direc-

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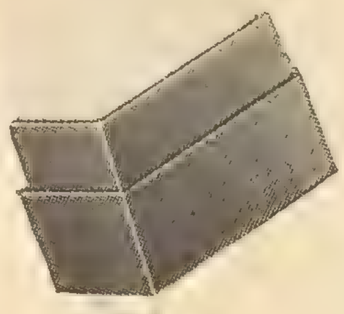
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tor, he shot with an interpreter at his side, learning new languages as he moved. And now he's breaking away from directing Deanna to try a different type of story. Listen to him:

"I don't want to get typed. It's as dangerous for a director as an actor. Hollywood is dangerous enough. You get pushed into a groove, you shoot all day, you sit at story conferences, you watch rushes, you chat with your producer beside a swimming pool—and you stop seeing life. You use up your little stock of experiences. You get out of touch with reality. That's why Hollywood wears out directors in three or four years. It wrings them dry, throws them in the alley.

"To me there are just four notable American directors who have weathered that: King Vidor, Gregory La Cava, Frank Capra and Leo McCarey. They haven't been shunted into machines. Hollywood hasn't burned them out.

"I don't believe, for instance, that movies should grow out of Hollywood or out of a newspaper. One is a big calculated machine, the other is a daily panorama of the world's tragedy. Audiences want to smile, to be touched gently, most of all to forget their miseries for at least two hours.

"Don't misunderstand me about Hollywood. It's been magic to me. But it is a great walled city producing the world's entertainment. Its demands keep you away from things. Away from life. I'd like to make pictures in New York where you have a chance of keeping your sense of values. A great city puts you in your place."

Mr. Koster has been doing a graceful job of dramatizing Deanna Durbin as Deanna Durbin. Let's see what he can do with one of those other things that avoid the heartaches of life. Maybe that's the function of films—dodging life. But somehow I have my doubts.

LET'S turn from Director Koster's theory that Hollywood walls its workers from life and the world. Veteran Lewis Stone says Hollywood is perfect for the actor, who, since the beginning of time, has been a mountebank traveling from town to town, a homeless adventurer. Listen to what the Judge Hardy of the films writes me:

"Hollywood is the ideal place in which to work and to live, because the two are so perfectly combined. It is all right to spoof about the California climate, but where would you find one more conducive to normal living? Motion pictures, being a high pressure business, require adequate relaxation for balance. We actors find that, not in outside interests, but in our homes, for in Hollywood the actor has found a permanence he never has known before, an opportunity to settle down to a quiet and entirely everyday life.

"As for myself, I never have been more completely satisfied as an actor. The character of Judge Hardy, who is a daily surprise to me, has given me a feeling of achievement in doing a job that I feel is worthwhile. I was on the verge of retiring when the part bobbed up, a simple and innocuous role on the surface. Now I can't quit, nor can I disassociate myself from the judge, even if I wanted to. The greatest personal pleasure, from playing an American father in a scene so typically American, has come in the sentiment of my fan mail. It has given me something to live up to. Rather than flattering, this has been a humbling experience, and the most memorable in a career which to me has had many compensations."

Nice for a veteran, say I, but highly dangerous for a young actor. That quiet, everyday life beside a bathing pool breeds complacence, kills initiative. Witness the players and directors who fade out so quickly. No, I string with Director Koster on that point. Hollywood is a habit forming drug. It gets you before you know it. And there's no cure.

OUTSIDE of the National Theater in New York City is an electric sign indicating that Tallulah Bankhead is playing "The Little Foxes." The play—of a hard, strange Southern family—is one of the big hits. I caught Tallulah on a Wednesday between matinee and evening performance. She talked rapidly and candidly of herself and her hopes.

"Sometime I want to do motion pictures again. Soon, too. I didn't take them seriously enough before. It was just fun, a lark. I was younger than I am now, less experienced, too. Hollywood was a new game, I'm afraid. I want to go back, knowing what I know now about acting, and take another shot.

"I can't right now, of course. 'The Little Foxes' is a hit, one of the dramatic successes of the season. I've had my flops, but this is a real hit. It will take me on tour next season. After that, God willing, I want Hollywood and my new chance.

"I've worked intensively, furiously all my life. And I have nothing to show for it, except my name in lights. Not even a home. After I put a portion of my salary away to meet income taxes, after payments are made on an annunity, I'm strapped. All I have to show for my career are two Augustus Johns paintings that I adore, one of myself and one of Gerald du Maurier, one of the great actors of our generation. And a diamond ring which usually is in hock. Sometime—and soon—I want a home in the country. A little place, if I can keep my head. Yes, Hollywood could be very nice."

I doubt if La Bankhead would be happy in a little home in the country. It's too far from Broadway and life. Even her marriage to John Emery hasn't changed her so much. Tallulah likes to take up causes. Tallulah lives hard—and Hollywood needs more players who work in frenzied, uncalculated fashion.

ALLAN Jones broke away from Metro to move over to Paramount. At Metro he was under the shadow of Nelson Eddy. Nelson got the choice singing roles. Jones was a sort of spare tire used now and then. Studios often hold promising young actors in reserve, just in case. But it's tough on the young actor. Jones, for instance, wanted to do bigger things, got restless—and secured a release from



"Vigil In The Night" is serious, but Carole Lombard has fun between scenes.

his contract. Came his hit in Paramount's "Victor Herbert." Listen to what Jones told me in his Paramount Theater dressing room during his New York personal appearances:

"I hadn't played in enough pictures during my four years at Metro to beat my fear of the camera. You can't succeed, you can't do anything, until you lick the camera. It stands there grinding at you—and it's petrifying, believe me. I hadn't made a picture in eighteen months when I landed on the Paramount lot. One single shot cured me in 'Honeymoon in Bali.' A great camera swung at me on a long boom, ran right up into my face—and I was cured. I'd lost my fear. I suddenly discovered that I could be myself.

"I want to sing more roles. I'd like to do a South American gaucho in a musical play of the pampas. Sure, romantic, charm stuff. No costume pictures, though. They're dangerous—and usually slow. People, I think, want songs, but they want them in fast tempo films."

Allan Jones hit upon one of the dangerous things of Hollywood when he summed up the problems of the second-string player held in reserve, in case the star kicks up in his contract, gets sick or starts to slip. These spares are on every lot, drawing salaries and getting nowhere. Jones had courage enough to buck the system. More power to him!

Beauty by a Designing Lady

[Continued from page 13]

any day, than a new, smart color, but one not suited to your face. And try to have your mouth color tie in with your general color accents, like rouge and nail tips. Revlon has recently done a grand job for girls who can't decide between nails and lips, for there is a new and extra-satisfactory Revlon lipstick to match every Revlon shade of polish. You can create a lovely picture by these harmonized or matched lips and nails; or, no matter how lovely the tones you use individually, you can create a confusion of color when you don't use them in harmony.

Back now to our designing lady, Lupe, for a moment, to see how else she turns her designing instincts. This time it is to clothes. "The right wardrobe should flatter, express and build up the wearer," says Lupe. And there is a rule to be guided by in choosing your clothes. Lupe says she has " 'ondreds" of evening gowns, because these she loves best of all. Well, maybe she hasn't that many, but so they look to her.

Here is an idea that clever girls might duplicate. A blue crepe of street length has a square cut bodice, caught with crystal and sapphire clips. So far so good. But this frock has another life, for Lupe has designed a floor length, wrap-around skirt to be slipped over the frock for gayer moments. Now, that is designing!

There's also a day outfit that might give you some ideas. A black velveteen bodice is cut on vest lines and fastened with a double row of brass buttons. A circular, peasant skirt is made of red and white gingham checked wool, with bag and tiny neck scarf to match. A similar outfit, as to the black velveteen bodice and checked skirt (*only the skirt was black and white*) was worn recently by thirteen-year-old Jane Withers when I talked with her in New York. The idea is smart, whether you're thirteen or twenty-six!

While Lupe keeps on designing in her own bright way, let's see what some of the good manufacturers have recently designed for our beauty.

Last year there was introduced a new perfume, Franciska Gaal, by name, after the player. It was lovely and such a success, that now there is a new perfume by the makers, called Joan Blondell, in an effervescent, lilting mood, like Joan, herself. It is a scent that earns you many compliments, and it costs but a song. And that goes to show that fine manufacturing need not necessarily mean that you pay and pay. Joan Blondell perfume is in your chain stores, and it is truly lovely and lasting.

Recently, I saw a smart fashion show but regret that the models' backs were not up to the costumes they wore. Frankly, too many had poor back skin. That is one of the most disillusioning of sights—beautiful clothes, but not the skin to show them off. A very new product is Miner's Patti-Pac Cake make-up. You simply dampen cotton, rub on the cake and apply to your face, neck, arms or back. Then facial make-up is applied and a light dusting of powder over the rest of you. You wonder at the appealing smoothness Patti-Pac creates, and you bless it for hiding those little irregularities, and you bless it also for remaining on so well and creating the illusion of a fine, smooth skin. This is really something to try, and, I'm glad to say, the trying does not hurt your pocketbook, for you'll find this in chain stores.

Correct, so far as possible, every beauty deficiency you have, like a poor skin, or dry hair or breaking nails. Meanwhile, be sensible and use the fine aids that are provided for remedying the condition temporarily. They save the situation for the moment, and it is on precious moments that our future fortunes often hang! This, all wise girls know.



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Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago", "Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!



Above: Director Frank Capra and wife try to get Adolphe Menjou to look at our camera at the Victor Hugo. *Upper right:* Herbert Marshall chats with sad-eyed Ann Sothern at the smart Beverly-Wilshire.

Silver Screen Topics For Gossip

FOR the second successive year Joan Crawford has been awarded the title of "the most co-operative star of the year" by the Hollywood Press Photographers, and at a luncheon at the Metro studio where she is now working the flashlight boys presented her with a silver cigarette box. Bette Davis was runner up. And not far behind was Rosalind Russell. Good for Joan and Bette and Roz. They know a guy has a job to do and they don't consider themselves too important to help him.

And speaking of Rosalind Russell, when she dropped into the Brown Derby for a bite of lunch and a story conference with Director Howard Hawks, the photographers gathered around for a picture. But Rosalind pointed to her hair in curlers and promised to come in the following evening and pose as long as they wanted her to. Which she did. And that's why the camera boys are crazy about Roz.

In "Strange Cargo," the Crawford-Gable flicker now in production, Paul Lukas, who is one of the neatest and most fastidious actors in Hollywood when it comes to clothes, has to look like something that has been washed up out of the sea. They've started calling him "Filthy Lukas."

Below: Radio executive Bud Ernst looks big enough to kid around with Errol Flynn at La Conga. *Lower right:* Director Anatole Litvak tells a gag to ex-wife Miriam Hopkins and Bruce Cabot.





Candidly presenting the latest Hollywood items and photos of unusual interest

Is this a romance between Greer Garson and Lew Ayres? They've been constant diners at the Beverly Brown Derby lately. And there's no prettier girl in town than Greer, with that lovely red hair (*and natural, too*) and beautiful complexion.

Miriam Hopkins is following the Hollywood tradition and has been out dining and dancing frequently of late with her ex-husband, Tola Litvak. When she isn't with her "ex" she's usually with Bruce Cabot, one of the foremost men-about-town.

Ever since Hedy Lamarr stepped out to a Navy Ball last fall with a diamond that big in the part of her hair Hollywood has become diamond conscious. Paulette Goddard wears a diamond hair clip that is something out of this world, and both Dorothy Lamour and Joan Bennett have rings that practically blind you with their brilliance.

Dorothy Lamour has shifted from Robert Preston back to Wynn Rocamora, which seems to be the real thing. And Madeleine Carroll, Rosalind Russell and Pat Morrison are all fighting over tall dark and handsome Richard Halliday, story editor at Paramount, who recently arrived in Hollywood from New York.

With the public asking for more Hedy Lamarr pictures, Metro has decided to take "I Take This Woman" off the shelf and remake about 65 percent of it. To the original cost of $600,000 they will now add $300,000. So it had better be good. In it Hedy tosses aside her "glamour" which did well by her in "Algiers" and "Lady of the Tropics" and plays the domesticated wife of Dr. Spencer Tracy.

When we stopped by the set to visit with Hedy Lamarr the other day we found ourselves practically knee deep in make-up. Hedy had decided, while she was waiting for her scene, to make-up the script girl, the hairdresser, the wardrobe girl, and someone from Kansas who was just visiting the set. This is one of Hedy's weaknesses. She feels that she just must improve everyone's looks. But she's so naive about it that you really can't resent it. So don't be surprised when you are introduced to Miss Lamarr to hear her say, "How do you do. You have the wrong lipstick on."

It is said that Paul Muni was offered $2500 weekly for playing the lead in Maxwell Anderson's New York play, "Key Largo." But Mr. Muni decided that $750 would be quite sufficient for him and informed the management that they could spend the rest on hiring other actors. When a movie star turns down money that's news!

One of Jack Benny's favorite gags on the radio is to invite a lot of celebrities to a party and have none of them show up. He has pulled this gag on his radio program several times lately, and the other night it snapped back at him. Just as he and Mary Livingstone were sitting down to a quiet little dinner at home the doorbell rang and in galloped Tyrone Power and Annabella, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, [Continued on page 56]



Peggy Moran, featured in Universal's "Oh, Johnny How You Can Love," takes a cute little spill during her roller-skating.



Top: **Phil Harris expressing elation over the news that he's to appear with Jack Benny in "Buck Benny Rides Again." *Center:* Speaking of Benny, here he is *(wearing glasses)* with his wife Mary and the Ray Millands at the swanky Hollywood premiere of "The Great Victor Herbert." *Bottom:* Smiling Pat O'Brien sits between his wife and Brian Donlevy at the same premiere.**

Left: Spencer Tracy, with an unidentified companion, doing a bit of night-clubbing. *Left center:* Johnny Weissmuller lends an ear as Rosalind Russell warbles a ditty at the Rudy Vallee opening at the Victor Hugo. *Lower center:* Richard Greene chatting and dancing with his girl friend, Virginia Field. *Below:* Loretta Young, obviously enjoying herself, with Cesar Romero, who's certainly the most popular man-about-town. *Lower corner:* Allan Jones and his lovely wife, Irene Hervey, at the Hollywood premiere of his new film, "The Great Victor Herbert."

Photos by Gene Lester

Beauty and B

If you don't believe so, then you must read the story of Ilona Massey, the screen's newest singing sensation, whose intelligence is just as much in evidence as her captivating blonde beauty

By John R. Franchey



Ilona Massey was born in Budapest, Hungary, of humble parentage. Says she, "I wish I could tell you I'm the daughter of a Hungarian count or, at least, a baronet. But actually I'm a peasant." *Below:* A gay scene from "Balalaika" and Ilona in the garden of her Hollywood home. As yet, she's unmarried.



Brains Do Go Together!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Ilona Massey is as natural as rain and just about as great a blessing.

In a profession where hocus-pocus and the grand manner are as taken-for-granted as Hollywood's heavenly climate, the lady whose dramatic high-voltage did so much to make "Balalaika" fairly crackle, stands out like cynical Mr. Shakespeare's "good deed in this naughty world."

She loathes display, has a downright dislike for giving or receiving flattery, abominates gossip and insincerity, refuses to exhibit bad manners or lack of consideration and is bored with gadding about so's to be seen.

What makes her resist going the way of all flesh (*or Hollywood*) is the fact that she remembers her unromantic and drab yesterdays when she wasn't the object of such unabashed sighing and swooning as critics and fans are showing her today. Not only that. She also realizes that a celebrity's perch is a precarious one and that all that distinguishes a star from a has-been is a lightning toboggan slide down the wrong side of the hill.

You see, Ilona Massey was cradled in poverty and shot skyward only because she had made up her mind that nothing short of the pinnacle would content her.

"I wish I could tell you—if it would make you happier—that I'm the daughter of a Hungarian count or, at least, a baronet. But actually I'm a peasant."

It's a fantastic story. Will you hear it?

Budapest is the wraith of a wonder city which shakes its head and refuses to believe that yesterday was yesterday and that a World War has reduced a city of gaiety and beauty and music to a memory.

It was here that Ilona Hajmassy was born, the daughter of a humble citizen who had hardly more than time to watch his blond moppet make her first solo flight across the room before he was called to the colors to take part in a Putsch of the Austro-Hungarian empire against the Russian legions. He was captured and held a prisoner of war for three years.

He was a broken man when he returned and was sent to convalesce in a local sanitarium. Meanwhile, down from the North blew the icy winds. The Hajmassy's, like helpless robins, shivered in their little flat and wondered about the morrow. Ilona's older sister hit upon an idea. They would make dolls and sell them to a jobber. It sounded swell. Mrs. Hajmassy made the plaster torsos and sewed the miniature garments. Her two offspring stuffed the dolls and did the beauty work on the faces and hair.

The wolf was staved off. But in a photo finish.

Come spring and Ilona had become a demon with a needle. Not long afterward, Mrs. Hajmassy, back to the wall, apprenticed Ilona to a dressmaker. It was a drudge's job and nothing more. Ilona, blithe and bouncing, traipsed around town toting garments, chasing errands and stitching dummy get-ups.

It was a woeful existence for all hands.

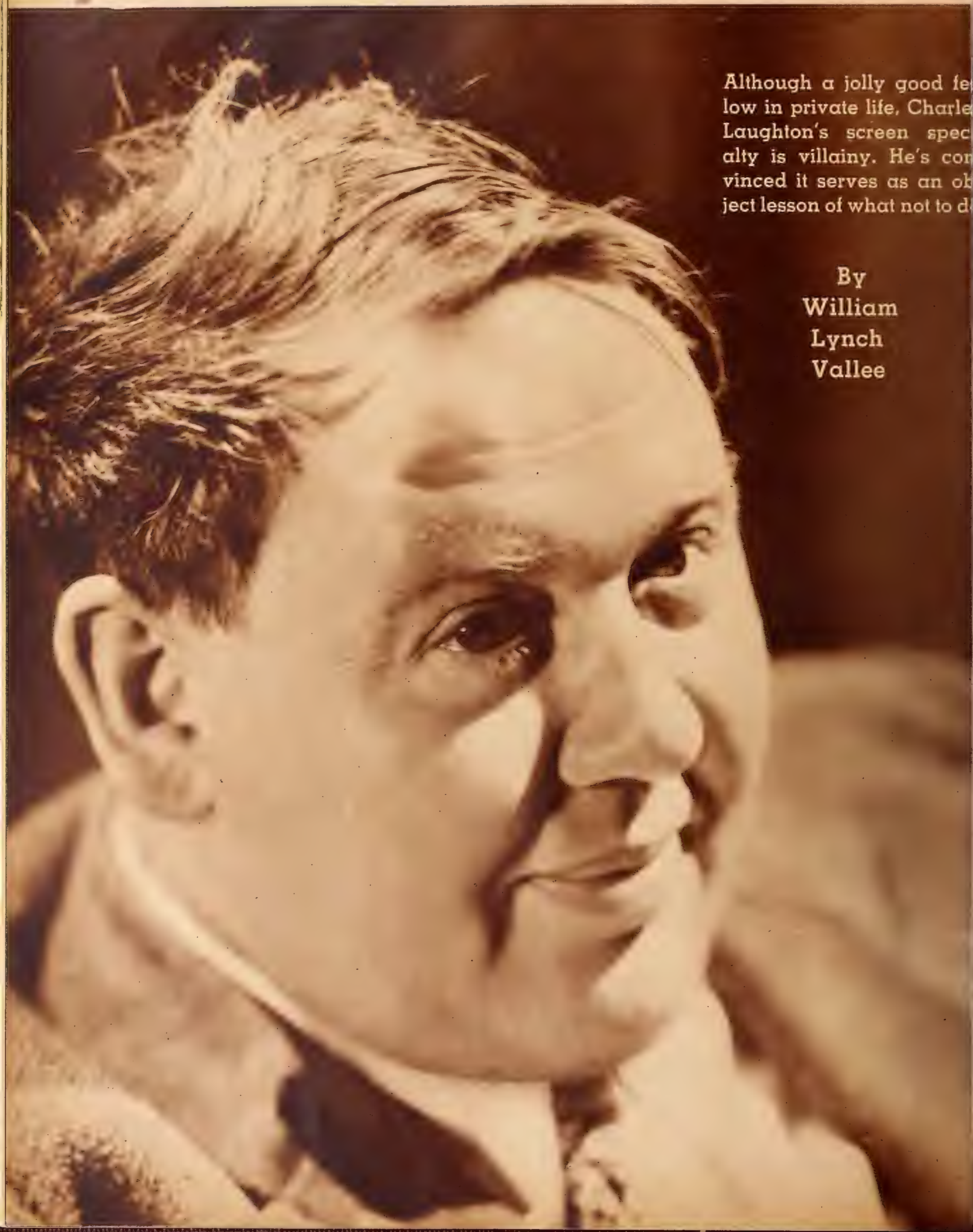
"I could never forget those days," she'll tell you today. "I saw mother working twelve and thirteen hours a day. She never had any pleasures, nor did she have any recreation, [*Continued on page 58*]





t: With Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." Her ngs were hurt when a newspaper critic her more praise than Nelson in the film. *eme right:* Ilona is an excellent horse- an and carries a riding crop which has in the family since 1594. *Below:* Aside riding, her favorite sport is swimming.

Villainy As You Like It



Although a jolly good fe
low in private life, Charle
Laughton's screen spec
alty is villainy. He's con
vinced it serves as an ob
ject lesson of what not to d

By
William
Lynch
Vallee

ROSEMARY LANE

There have been many arguments as to which of the Lane Sisters is the most beautiful. At the moment our vote goes to Rosemary, who gets prettier every day and is soon to be seen with her sister, Priscilla, in "Three Cheers For the Irish"—which the Lanes are!



"Little Old New York" undoubtedly will be another terrific box-office smash for Alice. Appearing with her in this colorful production are Richard Greene, Fred MacMurray and Brenda Joyce. A cast worthy of any production! And it's all in Technicolor.



ANN SOTHERN

Ever since Ann's return to the screen for M-G-M she's deservedly become one of the big current favorites. "Maisie" was so well received that Ann's completed a sequel called "Congo Maisie" which also should be top-notch entertainment for us all.

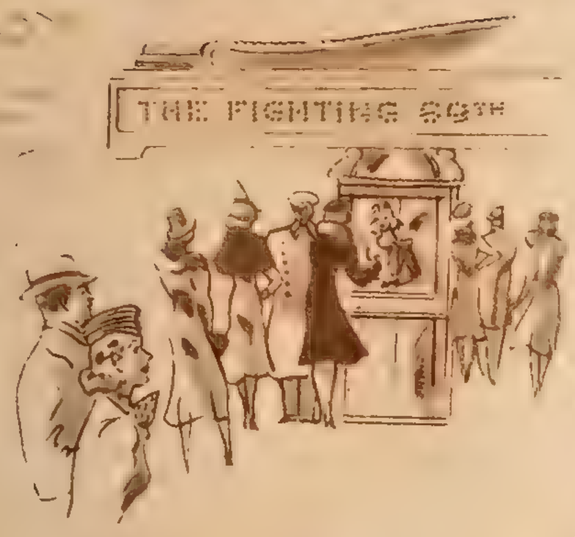


IRENE HERVEY

Although rather over-shadowed by Marlene Dietrich and Jimmy Stewart in "Destry Rides Again," nevertheless, Irene's loveliness was not to be denied. Irene's a grand bet, capable and deserving of better roles than the small ones she's getting.

One Day Soon

they'll all be saying



"LET'S GO SEE 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'"





Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too . . . but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY ☆ CAGNEY** and **PAT ☆ O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE ☆ BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY • PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT
in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'
with
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



A new Warner Bros. success

We Point With Pride

To

Shirley Temple

We've paid tribute to Shirley Temple before on this honor page, but once again, because of her performance in "The Blue Bird," she is more than deserving of it. Being honored is nothing new for Shirley, having been acclaimed over and over throughout the world. Yet, with all the glory, she still remains a lovely little girl who likes to play jacks. In growing up she has lost none of her sweetness or naturalness and never played a role more convincingly than she does throughout "The Blue Bird."







Leona Roberts with Shirley Temple in a scene from "The Blue Bird," a Twentieth Century-Fox Picture.





"On Location" with *Errol Flynn*

Errol, who loves the great open spaces, felt the making of the desert scenes for "Virginia City" was a vacation!



IN MAKING "Virginia City," it was necessary for Warners to send the cast "on location" to Arizona's famous Painted Desert, and its Hopi Indian Reservation. Errol Flynn, Randolph Scott, Humphrey Bogart and the rest of the players were tremendously thrilled by it all, though it meant roughing it. *Above:* Director Michael Curtiz describes how he wants a certain scene played between Errol Flynn and Humphrey Bogart. *Right:* Big Boy Williams uses the glass plate in a camera as a shaving mirror. *Lower right:* Make-up Artist Ward Hamilton gives Errol Flynn a dirty neck. *Extreme lower right:* Alan Hale, Errol and Big Boy Williams show no concern for superstition!







Above: Humphrey Bogart's wife, Mayo Methot, visits with her husband during the location trip. *Right:* One night Errol Flynn was guest of honor at Arizona State Teachers' College ball and selected, crowned and danced with their queen, Alice Moore. *Below:* Randy Scott chats with Errol while awaiting a scene.







Untold BLUNDERS OF HOLLYWOOD STARS!

NOTHING is more hidden in Hollywood than a movie star's bad blunders.

For a very specific reason, too. You, their dear public, might be disillusioned! And if you are no longer an admirer, another idol's profitable box-office draw goes prematurely boom and the studio has to start making one more little one into a big one.

But don't the big shots of the screen world ever stumble? Haven't they ever been guilty of committing foolish errors? You bet! Sometimes they've behaved downright stupidly. And then they've found themselves in a situation you wouldn't envy. Consequences keep bobbing up to haunt them. They may try to laugh it off, but when they were on the spot they determined to conduct themselves differently thereafter.

But you seldom learn of a star's lapses because, according to the tradition, Hollywood people must be carefully glamorized so you'll conclude they have never slipped and done the wrong thing.



Above: Lana Turner talked too freely in her second interview and has regretted it ever since. *Left:* Sonja Henie unwisely got into a romantic mix-up. *Right:* Clark *(Rhett Butler)* Gable admits that he at one time was too conceited.



We all make mistakes from time to time and screen stars are no exceptions as you can see from some of the inexcusable things they've done and for which they are now terribly sorry

By Dickson Morley

This is the kind of news only completely honest and courageous players want printed far and wide and not too many picture names come under this category.

Still I think it's a person's mistakes, no matter who or where he is, and how he manages to maneuver out of the unfavorable pickle, that gives you the really true idea of what he's like. Press agents have to protect; pals, naturally, are loyally defensive. Actual facts, however, do speak loudest and they needn't be misconstrued.

To jump right into some surprising actual facts, did you know that Clark Gable wasn't always the way he is today? Perhaps you supposed everything about his past had been brought to light by now. But no. What's been unmentioned is that he was Conceited Actor Number One. He had such a swollen opinion of himself, put on such an act, that he was a thorough pain!

And it's a pretty safe bet you haven't read reams about the unforgivable manner in which Mickey Rooney snubbed Wally Beery. There's the closed chapter in Madeleine Carroll's life; it concerns the days when she was on the direct road to failure, definitely, because she was busily copying Marlene Dietrich's tricks. Any girl who has chased a man, and has had to cover up her interest when he didn't reciprocate in the same degree can appreciate the predicament the otherwise smart Sonja Henie walked smack into. Lana Turner, unintentionally, talked too freely at her second interview and she's going to remember that always.

Ray Milland didn't hesitate to break up his marriage, like a spoiled child, when he encountered job trouble. Joan Blondell has an every-day fault which she hasn't conquered yet, though it nearly ruined her chance to get to Hollywood.

Irene Dunne, the spirit of graciousness, let her temper go at a hair-dresser's swank establishment; she little realized how her voice was carrying and how her impatience had threatened her legend. Margaret Lindsay, on the other hand, hurt her career by being too much of a lady.

The astonishing story of Clark Gable's almost disastrous case of swelled-headedness is not mere gossip. For it came to me straight from Clark's own lips. Since he has the reputation of being the most regular star in all of Hollywood, I couldn't have been more amazed. I have never heard anyone refer to Gable except with genuine liking—from fellow stars, who could easily be jealous, to the lowliest workers, who have to grin and bear many a delusion of grandeur. So when Clark, one recent afternoon in his dressing-room at M-G-M, said, "Sure, I've made most of the mistakes in the book, but the worst one was when I figured I was the greatest guy who ever lived!" I was all attention. He smiled from ear to ear, in that characteristic way of his, leaned back in the comfortable chair he's partial to, and continued frankly. "There's nothing worse than a rank egotist, the bird who presumes he knows it all. I know—for I was Exhibit A! It got so they ducked when they saw me coming. Seriously, it was 'Here comes that ham again—let's scram!'

"You see, I'd finally stepped into the leading man's shoes in a stock company in Texas. I'd been on the ragged edge so long that when I clicked with the customers out front I felt I was the long-awaited answer to everybody's prayers. I became the magnificent gesture. I pulled all the personality plugs out at once. They clapped, they thought I was exciting. Believe it or not, so did I—in short order! I was ready to take on New York at the end of that season. Mr. Gable, the McCoy hot stuff from Texas and parts West, landed a lead in a Broadway play which was a hit. That was all I needed to make an ass of myself. I was wonderful, from any angle, and I conducted myself accordingly. You can get away with that for awhile. Then comes the awakening.

[*Continued on page* 60]









Top: Mickey Rooney didn't treat Wallace Beery very nicely on a certain occasion. *Right:* Madeleine Carroll thought it would be a good idea to look like Marlene Dietrich. *Above:* Margaret Lindsay was too much of a lady. *Left:* Joan Blondell has an every-day fault she hasn't conquered yet. But she will.

Will *Norma* Marry George?

Here's the answer by one who knows, not from hearsay or speculation, but from actual observation

By Elizabeth Wilson

IN HOLLYWOOD these nights, along with your squab stuffed with wild rice, you get a generous helping of Norma Shearer and George Raft. Why, there hasn't been so much excited chit-chat under the silver candelabras with the no drip candles since the good old days when stars became red in the face and screamed at each other like harridans over who-will-play-Scarlett.

Whether Norma Shearer will marry George Raft or not is nobody's business, really. No one should be even vaguely concerned, except Norma Shearer and George Raft. But that isn't the way we do things in Hollywood. I should say *not!* We're just one big happy family, loving as the day is long (*the next time I see Miriam Hopkins I'm going to paste her one right in the puss*), and intensely interested in each other's private affairs, especially those affairs which involve *le coeur*. And if we can give each other a good going over at the dinner table, don't think we won't. It's the small town in us.

The consensus of opinion (*I haven't a Gallup poll, but I do all right*) seems to be that Norma Shearer will *not* marry George Raft, this month or any month. Of course, there were a few Individualists who said "oh yes she would, lucky girl," and a couple of Communists who said George wouldn't marry an aristocrat—they were hopelessly confusing Norma with Marie Antionette, which is a pity.

I didn't say anything and I didn't get invited back.

As far as I can gather from dinner table talk it all works down to being a matter of tradition. Norma Shearer has long been acknowledged not only "the first lady of the screen," but also "the first lady of Hollywood." They say that Norma is very proud of being "a first lady" and wouldn't jeopardize her position in any way. Marriage to George Raft, a former hoofer, would definitely be a





Left: They say that Norma Shearer is "society" in Hollywood and that George Raft definitely is not. Is this hazardous?

No matter what they say about George Raft, he is no phony and has more real friends in Hollywood than has any other actor.

jeopardy, as they quaintly call it.

They say that Norma is "society," and belongs to that exclusive little group presided over by producers' wives, a group that many a social climbing star has tried in vain to crash. George Raft is not "society" (*what a dreary word, but you'd be surprised how important it is in Hollywood*), and he doesn't know any producers' wives, in fact he doesn't meet the producers themselves except when he storms in to their offices to tell them what they can do with their lousy pictures.

They say that Norma likes a bit of swank, you know, finger bowls, white tie and tails, long dull dinners with visiting English playwrights. But good old George likes his steak and French fried at the Brown Derby, without any fuss or bother. And they say that Shearer is Shearer, and Raft is Raft, and the twain might meet, but they'll never marry. In fact "they" can't figure out how Norma and George even *met*.

Well, now that I've told you, in a nutshell, what "they" (*you know, those Hollywood people picking Shearer's bones along with the squab's*) say, I might as well tell you what Norma and George say. Which isn't much. And extremely cautious. Norma and George prefer to call their romance friendship. (*"Friendship" is a pain in the neck to us fan writers. How often, oh, how often, have we been handed: "We are only friends, really," and the next day Miss Tootsie-pie and her boy friend elope to Yuma.*) Anyway, Norma has told the Press, when cornered into having to tell them something, "I met Mr. Raft casually in Hollywood. I know of no one who has nicer manners. I admire Mr. Raft for his spirit of humility."

And George has told the Press, under duress to be sure, "Miss Shearer and I are just good friends."

Well, I have told you what Hollywood is saying, which is too much, and I've told you what George and Norma are saying, which is too little, and now I'll tell you what I am saying. And after a little scene I witnessed the other night I think I have plenty to say.

Me—I'm not easily taken in by Hollywood romances. I know too much about them. It's generally *pour la publicité* (*Remember Mary Boland in "The Women?"*) But one night, not long ago, I was seeing a friend off to New York on the Chief at Pasadena. Claudette Colbert was there, and Gregory Ratoff, and the fans were crowding around for autographs, so I sort of strolled away looking for the lily cups and water fountain. I ran right smack into Norma Shearer giving George Raft a fond farewell, and fond, too. They didn't see me and I didn't think it exactly the right moment to ask them if they were enjoying their beautiful friendship. George was leaving on the Chief for a personal appearance at Cleveland, and then on to New York for a few days, and Norma looked as if she

[*Continued on page 72*]

"All The World Will Be Talking

THE Irish women, connoisseurs always have said, are the most beautiful women in the world. They always add firmly "bar none."

Never having visited Ireland to check the connoisseurs (*my sex being what it is, I'd probably be looking for Errol Flynns, if I did go*) and having a second generation dash of Irish blood myself, I've never contradicted, nor even argued the point. Maureen O'Sullivan always stopped me, anyway, whenever I felt like protesting a bit in favor of a Swedish miss, i.e., Miss Garbo or Miss Ingrid Bergman; whenever I had a mind to mention an Austrian killer-diller like Hedy Lamarr; a French savoury like Danielle Darrieux; an English beaut' like Madeleine Carroll; or one of our own Rosebud Garden of Girls, Virginia Bruce, say, or Loretta Young. For Maureen O'Sullivan, far lovelier off the screen than she is on, is as shiningly beautiful as a bit of Irish Lake dropped from Heaven.

I'm glad, now, that I never did contradict the pedants of pulchritude. For I hadn't seen nothin' yet. I hadn't seen Maureen O'Hara. And not until Ireland sent us this one of her indescribable daughters did the term "bar none" take on meaning and fact. For bar none, Maureen O'Hara is the most beautiful thing in female form these beauty-blinded eyes have ever seen. And when you earn your daily bread, as I do, looking upon the Dietrichs, Masseys, Lamarrs and other divinities, you do become sort of jaded, if you know what I mean. You sort of welcome a Kate Smith, a Patsy Kelly, an Edna May Oliver—plain girls and women who permit you to take off your blinkers.

It really takes something to make you break out in a rash of adjectives, superlatives and exclamation points, living the life I live. Well, I've broken out! For you can bar all the extravagant beauties I have mentioned, and throw in one or two of your own, and you'll still be lagging along in an effort to describe the beauty of the nineteen-year-old Laughton protege, Maureen O'Hara.

Leopardine is the adjective that first occurred to me as I watched Maureen. I don't think there *is* any such adjective. Or rather, there wasn't, but there is now. For Maureen has tawny, golden-tawny hair which springs from her head, luxuriant, like a mane. Maureen has golden, tawny golden eyes. I've read about tawny eyes and golden eyes, in books. I've never actually seen them before until I saw Maureen's. She has a golden skin, strong white teeth, a carved and chiseled mouth.

All I can say is, it's just as well for coherence that a woman is trying to write this story of Maureen because if a man attempted the description he would be bogged down, his blood pressure up to 250, his temperature flirting with the delirium point.

No wonder, I was to think, when Maureen told me the story of her life, no wonder she has always got what she wanted, when and how and as she wanted it. No wonder gods and men stand by, with nothing better to do than cater to the will and wishes, the ambitions and dreams and desire of the young O'Hara. For there isn't a mortal man, worthy the name of man, I'd wager, who wouldn't rip the moon out of a stormy sky for Maureen. There isn't a woman who wouldn't step aside for Maureen, if she knew what was good for her. No wonder Charles Laughton didn't waste any time signing her to a contract, once his eyes beheld her. No wonder Hollywood isn't wasting any time. No wonder an ace director said to her: "After *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is released all Hollywood will be talking about you, after you've made *Bill of Divorcement*, all the world will be talking about you!"

In three words: She is beautiful.

". . . banshees," Maureen was saying, "I believe in banshees, of course I do. I've heard them. I should say I've heard *her*. For there is only one banshee, you know. And do you know the definition of the word banshee?"

I said that I did not. I did not even know how-come she had got started talking about banshees, of all unlikely topics. She must have got around to it while I was lost in contemplation of the tawny,





Right: **Maureen as she appears in the feminine lead of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," starring Charles Laughton.** ***Below:*** **Between scenes of the gigantic production, Maureen chats with Edmund O'Brien, who is also prominently cast in the picture.**

About Her!"

golden eyes and matching hair . . . nor was I to discover that the beauty which is more than Helen's has a spiritual side, too?

"Ban," Maureen was enlightening me, "means 'woman.' And 'shee' means 'fairy.' So, a fairy woman is the literal definition of a banshee. She is white in appearance and with very long hair. You hear her scream when there is to be a death in the family. One Christmas, it was, when I first heard her scream.

"Now, everybody spends Christmas at our house, outside of Dublin. It is the meeting place of the clans, our home. On this Christmas night there were fifteen of us in the house, mommie and daddy, us six children, my grandmother and several aunts and uncles. I was upstairs just going to bed when I heard this most blood-chilling, loud, frightful scream which no mortal ears could help but hear if it had been mortal itself.

"An instant later, my dad rushed up the stairs and into my room. My sister and I were just getting into our beds. He said, 'Did you hear that, now?' And I said, 'Yes, I did,' and my sister said, 'No, *I heard nothing.*' Then we knew, for sure, what our frozen blood had already told us. Then we *knew it was the banshee.* For [*Continued on page* 70]



Maureen O'Hara's natural beauty is unequaled in Hollywood. She is to be starred in a re-make of RKO's "Bill of Divorcement." *Below:* Taking it easy on the huge set of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," her first American picture.



Already all of Hollywood is acclaiming the beauty and talent of Maureen O'Hara, who's name is destined to be famous all over the world

By Gladys Hall

Glamour Lets

GLAMOUR, like the Graf-Spee, was scuttled in the closing months of 1939.

From the cinematic days of Theda Bara up to the last days of 1939, the motion picture conceived and projected Glamour along lines that were fairly stereotyped, and which had two speeds. In first speed, the glamour girl slunk across the screen as a slinky addition to an all-star cast. In second speed, the glamour girl became an ethereal, wraith-like person who was detected moving up and down winding staircases casting glances full of meaning at the male members of the cast.

The projection of glamour reached such a stage, about 1937, that the process of photographing a glamour girl became a highly-specialized industry. To get the proper effects, the cameramen diffused the lighting and used "scrims" and silks and other hocus-focus so that the heroine's soft features became almost gelatinous. So removed from contact with the common herd were the glamour girls that M-G-M actually built advertising campaigns around such a phrase as "Garbo TALKS." Now it has been established rather conclusively that the mere act of talking is more or less routine, but so well had the glamour girls been ballyhooed that such an advertising campaign actually got results, and very ordinary actresses were so well exploited that the industry and the world stood in awe of them.

Had this conception of glamour endured, by this time an amazed world would have been regarding billboards that read: "GARBO EATS," — "GARBO BREATHES." But just as the bottom fell out of the stock market in 1929, the bottom fell out of the glamour market in 1939. With a world crisis at hand and the country more engrossed in "Grapes of Wrath" than the memoirs of Sally Smirk, there developed suddenly the most profound and complete don't-give-a-damn about glamour and glamour girls that this industry ever experienced. All of a sud-





Above: Marlene Dietrich as "The Blonde Venus," when glamour really counted. *Right:* Marlene in "The Devil Is a Woman." *Below:* Greta Garbo decidedly let her hair down in "Ninotchka" and gave her best performance.



Down Its Hair

Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and other queens of allure have found that the old order has changed and what was once considered overwhelmingly intriguing, no longer seems to appeal

By Ed Sullivan

den, and apparently overnight, movie fans at large didn't give a whoop whether Garbo talked or forever stayed mute. This is not an academic conclusion, but a fact revealed by diminishing box-office receipts. On another front, the public apathy toward glamour was indicated by the inability of Marlene Dietrich to get a job in any picture studio.

This was a fine how-de-do to the movie makers. A staple product no longer was wanted by John Public, which finally had come of age and was more interested in pop-eyed Bette Davis, who could act, than in girls who struck beautifully sexy poses.

The movies have survived disasters such as this because in a pinch the studio bosses and their laborers know that if the public suddenly loses a taste for strawberries and cream, the economic solution may be to serve strawberries without cream. So the movie producers, seeing that the bottom had been ripped out of the glamour market, determined that the alternative sales policy was to make the glamour kiddies let down their hair and romp. It was the success of this right-about-face that prompts this article.

Consider the [*Continued on page* 68]



Above: Marlene would like to get another script like "Destry Rides Again." *Left:* The gay Marlene who laughed at glamour in "Destry." *Below:* Garbo as the overly exotic "Mata Hari," famous spy during the World War.





Mary Martin left Hollywood for success on Broadway and then was besieged to return to Hollywood for greater success. *Left:* As Mary appears in Paramount's melodious operetta, "The Great Victor Herbert."

Mother *Knew* Best!

IF IT hadn't been for her Mother, Mary Martin would probably be baking bread and teaching the Texas tiny tikes the buck and wing. But Ma Martin had vision and a little yen to see beyond the horizon of Weatherford (*inhabitants 500*) and a big yen to see her Mary famous. She knew her beautiful baby *had something*—as did the picture producers later on—but just what or where it lay lurking, Mother didn't take time out to ponder, for, as you've probably already gathered, Mrs. E. M. is a "woman of action."

Even when it seemed to Judge Martin that his favorite daughter was well established with her dancing school, it was Mother who conspired with Mary to make a trip to Hollywood each summer. Then later, it was these same two who talked Mary's father into letting her remain in the film capital for at least two months, in which time they felt sure she'd land a big job.

"I was pretty well satisfied with my dancing school at first," Mary explained, as we marveled at her close resemblance to Claudette Colbert. "I guess the thing that intrigued me was to make a success of it—or anything—in a town like Weatherford. You see, it's a small place and a





Instead of being a screen star, sprightly Mary Martin might still be a small town dancing teacher in Texas, if it hadn't been for her mother's advice

By Robert McIllwaine

Upper left: Judith Barrett, another Paramount beauty from Texas, drops into Mary's dressing room for a neighborly visit. Above: Mary with Dr. Louis A. Fleischmann, noted dialogue coach, and George Brent. Right: With her mother, who knew best.



church-going one. They don't hold with too much frivolity. So, after beginning with a few small children, I was more than pleased to enroll some of the adult members of the community. The school actually flourished. In fact, I had three branches established when Mother suggested I give it up for a career in the theatre. However, if we'd known the struggle ahead I'm sure I'd be right in Weatherford now countin': One, two, three, kick!"

But, she's not and that's what makes her story a good one. It was this same home of Mary Martin's that played host to the premiere of her first cinematic vehicle, *The Great Victor Herbert*. A town, Mary says, where the "four hundred" are really only five hundred—which is the seating capacity of the local theatre! But listen to Mary's account of the way things stacked up.

"Anyway," she began, flashing a smile, "when Mother and I persuaded Pop to let me have a crack at pictures, a friend and I drove to Hollywood and pitched tent. Then I began job sleuthing, and was I a *mean* Sherlock! Why, there wasn't a casting director on the coast who was safe from me. In fact, I was often tested after breakfast, rejected by lunch and completely forgotten by dinner! Every studio in the gol-derned town felt I was a prospect. But evidently they weren't prospecting that season.

"Somehow, I wasn't discouraged though," Mary explained seriously. "For each day would bring a promise of something in the near future. And each week I'd write home saying, '*Next* week I'll have a good job lined up so you won't have to send me any more money.' This went on for months, until Mother finally came out to see just what was going on. She arrived to find practically nothing was happening. It was then she decided that maybe, after all, it *would* be all right for me to sing in one of the hotel bars. Before this, she'd cast her eyes heavenward, secretly thinking anyone doing this was going to the dogs—but fast! Well, I began in the Roosevelt Cine Grill and, after my opening night, Mother packed up and headed for home. If I was going to rack and ruin, she wasn't going to stick around and watch it."

Laughing as she reminisced, Mary paused to explain that we shouldn't underestimate *Mom*. For this sagacious lady had seen the manager before departing. Indeed, they had a perfect understanding, it later developed.

"Each time I sang the manager stood nearby with his arms folded and watched me. Gee, at first I thought the guy was protecting the patrons from me! I wasn't permitted to sit at any of the tables or drink with the guests. It suited me personally, but it did irk the star performer in me that I wasn't given the chance to refuse. Well, later on I found that it was Mother's idea—not his!"

Mary's next payin' assignment was arranged with Mother away off in Texas. Here she didn't fare so well and frankly admits that she was bored stiff *having* to sit with the cash customers and appear gay and sparkling-eyed far into the night. For it seems the Club Casonova operated while gentle folk slept. An all-night jernt, as it were. Anyway, Mary thought she was doin' okay till one Christmas eve, while waiting for the late show.

"I was sitting in my dressing-room and got to thinking of Christmas away from home. It was my first experience and I was frankly homesick," Mary confessed with a grin. "On the spur of the moment I decided to shoot the works and phone home. Mother answered. 'Mary,' she said, 'what in the world are you doing up at this hour?' Before I thought I'd told her I was waiting to go on in the last show. She exploded, 'It's seven o'clock here and five there, and, you're still *working?* Where?' I told her and—that was all! She hung up the receiver with one hand and reached for her hat with the other. Mom collected a pal, hopped in the car and drove all night! 'California or bust' was her slogan. You can bet she yanked me out of that club and put me back into 'society'—looking for a job!"

What Mary didn't say was that Mother is a grand gal, of the gay May Robson school and was nabbed for speeding by the law, en route. She didn't mind the experience a bit; in fact, thought it was fun. Why, even the officer who made the pinch seemed that friendly! And, too, they had a darn pleasant chat and broke the monotony of the long drive.

Anyway, shortly after Ma's arrival, Mary was back pounding the pavement and chanced upon her voice teacher from her school days. It was this gentleman who advised Mary to study seriously for six months before looking for another job. After talking it over, her Mother suggested they tackle Pop. He was shown the light and agreed it might be a good idea. He'd at least have Mary settled and his wife at home for the next half year, so the deal was on.

Her next [*Continued on page 73*]

The Girl Who Looked Like A Star

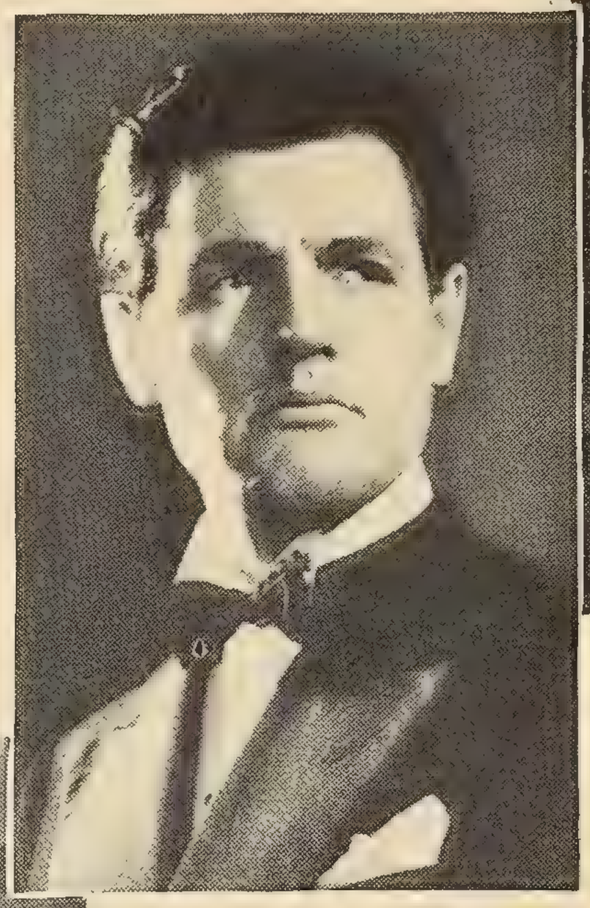
It actually happened in Hollywood, this private-life story of a girl who learned to her sorrow that it is fatal to resemble another already a star —yet it brought her happiness

By

Elizabeth Benneche Peterson



Something happened to Jack then. An expression, almost of disgust, came into his eyes.



"Right then and there I saw that Glenda resembled Lyda, but really was the things she looked, honest and brave and tender, just as Lyda, who looked those things, too, wasn't . . ."

On the set, she made him run errands for her and hold her make-up box while she lingered over the sacred ritual of touching up that lovely face.



IT'S a long drive from Encino to Hollywood when the car that's taking you is a few thousand miles or so the worse for wear, and you've got to go slow because the rear tires are apt to go pop any minute. But it's worth it when it's a gala Hollywood evening that's waiting at the other end.

We could have managed the new tires if it hadn't been that our first wedding anniversary had coincided with the collapse of the old ones and Ken, that's the man I married, thinks an orchid corsage and a dinner at the Victor Hugo are a more fitting commemoration of the first milestone than a couple of rubber hoops for the car.

And I'll have to admit that I didn't lay a straw in his path. It was like old home week walking into the Victor Hugo and seeing everybody again. There were Joan and Dick Powell grinning over something one of them had just said, and looking like a couple of kids off on their first date instead of an old married couple of three years standing, and there were Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund pretending not to see all the curious, "I wonder if they're married or not" glances flung in their direction, and Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart so engrossed in each other that it was enough to make anyone believe in Hollywood rumors.

"Do you miss it terribly?" Ken asked, a little guiltily I thought since he was the one who had taken me away from it all.

I laughed and shook my head. But I couldn't tell him how nostalgic it was, like hearing an old song heavy with memory or going back on a visit to the home town or coming into a room where a lot of pleasant things have happened after being away from it a long time.

For I saw Glenda Olcutt and I thought of the story I had stumbled on once and how I had hated to let it go unwritten. But there hadn't been any choice. Not with a sweet kid like Glenda sobbing out her heart to me.

It was funny how I first met Glenda. It wasn't long after "It Happened One Night" had made every studio in Hollywood wish it could happen to them, too, and everybody out here thought they'd only have to board a bus to ride high



Photos by Hanley Studios

"And for once Lyda wasn't able to mask her emotions. I could see she hated Glenda for daring to look like her. Yet there wasn't a thing she could do but agree with everyone that Glenda was her perfect stand-in."

wonderful, isn't she? I suppose you know her very well."

I couldn't tell the kid what I really thought of Lyda so I let that go. But I couldn't let the other thing go. I couldn't let her go on thinking she had Hollywood clutched in her hand because of her resemblance to one of its most glittering stars.

"Listen," I said, feeling as if I were murdering Santa Claus, "you do look like Lyda Crane and that's the worst thing that could have happened to you if it's a screen career you're after. There are girls who look like Garbo and Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard working behind soda fountains and waiting on tables here in Hollywood but you won't find any of them in the studios. The front office doesn't want them and the stars don't want them and the fans don't and that makes it unanimous. The best thing you can do is to hop the first bus going home and stay there."

But Glenda only shook her head. [*Continued on page 76*]



Only a man at once tortured and exalting in his love could put so much feeling in the way he held Lyda's small pointed face in his hand, in the way his mouth first found her forehead, then her eyelids and mouth.

It was enough in that moment to be held in his arms, to feel his lips on hers, even though Glenda knew that it was Lyda he was really holding close, that it was her lips he thought he was kissing.



with adventure. Everybody was taking bus trips those days and so, of course, copy cat that I am, I had to take one, too.

I took one coming from New York, fifty miles or so from Hollywood, and the first person I saw when I clambered aboard was Lyda Crane. That's not her name, of course. I'm choosing it because it's the one name I can think of that is most unlike her own.

It didn't surprise me to see her there. Of course, Lyda would be snatching at anything that smacked of adventure. She is the greediest human being I know. She's greedy for money and fame and possessions and love, or rather the emotion that passes for love with her. All of which adds up to the fact that she's greedy for life and I don't think she would stop at anything to make it more complete.

So if a bus trip had given Claudette Colbert a bang up screen romance with Clark Gable, what couldn't it give Lyda in the way of a *real* adventure?

She had dressed for the part, too. I've often thought the main reason for her sensational success is the attention she gives to details. So here she was in a shabby little suit and a hat that couldn't have cost more than two-ninety-eight in any bargain basement and a suede bag that had begun to rub off in patches. But, and this was funny, she hadn't bothered to disguise her appearance at all. Her hair was fixed the way she always wore it and if she had changed her makeup at all it was only to make her look more the way she did on the screen than she usually does away from it. That was like her, I thought, unwilling to give up her identity for anything, even an adventure.

I took the empty seat beside her.

"Caught in the act, Lyda," I laughed. "You might as well admit what you're up to, my gal."

She looked as if she were going to hug me.

"Oh, do you see it, too?" she asked exuberantly. "Do you think I look like Lyda Crane? I'm so crazy about her and everybody tells me I'm her image. That's the reason I'm going to Hollywood."

It wasn't an act. The girl was not Lyda. She was Glenda Olcutt.

"It'll make it easier for me looking like her, won't it?" she went on excitedly. "You know, I almost feel she's my sister. Oh, I try so hard to be like her in every way. She's so

Reviews

Direct from the
West Coast



Above: Ronald Colman and Muriel Angelus in the effectively produced, "The Light That Failed." *Left:* Cesar Romero, Virginia Field and Robert Barrat are in "The Cisco Kid and The Lady."

GONE WITH THE WIND

THE SENSATION OF THE YEAR—*Selznick-International*

WELL, here it is at last, the long awaited "Gone With the Wind." And, thank heavens, you can't possibly find fault with it. It really is the most wonderful, magnificent, and truly marvelous picture that you can ever hope to see—why it fairly takes your breath away it's so good. And no sourpuss can say that Hollywood messed up Margaret Mitchell's superb novel of the Old South because the picture is Margaret Mitchell's book right down to the last comma. The film runs about four hours long, and is divided into two parts, with a brief intermission so you can stretch your legs, but even with all that footage you hate to see the end. Judging from the number of books that have been sold since it was first published everybody has read "Gone With the Wind," so there is no point in even mentioning the story here. The attractive and English Vivien Leigh, as everybody also knows, won out in the heated who-will-play-Scarlett contest, and gaves a flawless performance of the conniving, selfish, rebellious, loving, hard-hearted Scarlett which is Margaret Mitchell's heroine to the life. Clark Gable, the people's choice for Rhett Butler, also gives a performance that is nothing short of brilliant. We who drool over Gable, will drool more than ever after seeing his Rhett Butler. A third magnificent per-

Left: Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara and Hattie McDaniell as her mammy in "Gone With The Wind," just about the best film ever produced. *Below:* Olivia de Havilland about to plant a kiss on David Niven's lips in "Raffles." But look—

formance is given by Olivia de Havilland as the gentle and long suffering Melanie—in fact, there are those who will insist that Olivia steals the picture. Fourth in fine performances in the picture, in our opinion, is that of Hattie McDaniel as Scarlett's Mammy. Raves should go to everyone in the cast—you have to be awfully fussy to pick flaws—with some kind of extra special raves to Ona Munson as Belle Watling, Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes, Laura Hope Crews as Aunt Pitty Pat, Harry Davenport as Dr. Meade, Butterfly McQueen as Prissy, Thomas Mitchell as Gerald O'Hara and Barbara O'Neill as Scarlett's mother. The Technicolor is better than Technicolor has ever been before. David Selznick, the producer, and Victor Fleming, the director, can well afford to take bows.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SPECTACULAR PAGEANTRY—*RKO*

VERY much on the heavy side is this re-make of Victor Hugo's immortal classic. If you like majesty, immensity, and Old World pageantry this will be right down your alley, for it is spectacular to the nth degree. Mainly, it is the story, as you know, of the deformed bell ringer of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris in the Medieval Ages. Of the strange tenderness that comes into his life when a gipsy girl gives him water after a public flogging, and how later he saves her from being hanged as a witch. If it was only as simple as that. Charles Laughton appears in his muchly publicized make-up and is quite the most grotesquely horrible thing that you ever laid your eyes on. People who don't like Charles Laughton will have a wonderful time not liking him in this role of Quasimodo. The bright spot of the picture is beautiful Maureen O'Hara's interpretation of Esmeralda, the gipsy girl. Maureen, fresh from Ireland, makes her Hollywood debut in this picture, and proves herself as fine an actress as Mr. Laughton said she was. Harry Davenport plays the king, Sir Cedric Hardwicke the king's high justice, Walter Hampden the archbishop, Edmond O'Brien the poet Gringoire, Alan Marshall, Captain Phoebus; Thomas Mitchell the king of the beggars, and Minna Gombell his queen.

[*Continued on page* 75]



Above: **Don Ameche and Andrea Leeds in the tuneful production of "Swanee River" which also boasts of Al Jolson.** ***Right:*** **Leon Errol, Lupe Velez and Earl Hodgins in "Mexican Spitfire," which is slapstick in the most enjoyable manner.**

Below: **Darned if David didn't up and plant a kiss on Olivia's lips instead. Olivia is also one of the big hits in "Gone With The Wind."** ***Right:*** **Charlie McCarthy does a bit of snooping on Edgar Bergen and Constance Moore in the film "Charlie McCarthy, Detective."**



"Spring Will Come Again"





In the classical Grecian mode is the black crepe dinner dress modeled by Joan above. The black cord girdle is finished with gold tassels to correspond with her distinctive gold novelty necklace. Long sleeves make this suitable for many gay, but informal occasions.

Inspired by *The South American Way*, Joan is all ready to go into a rhumba or something in this brilliant flowered silk evening gown showing a bare midriff. The abbreviated shirred bodice is of ivory *mousseline de soie* bordered with the exotic print that fashions the full shirred skirt. Her ornate necklace, bracelets and earrings add a gay note, as does the sleek red silk headband with its twisted, jeweled knot.



When Noel Coward wrote this lovely song for his operetta "Bitter Sweet" he must have had someone like Joan Bennett in mind. For she looks as young and fresh as the spring in these costumes designed for her in her new film, "House Across The Bay"

ALTHOUGH the month of March actually heralds in the Spring, cold weather sometimes has a habit of sticking around with us a while longer making "what to wear" a problem. Joan Bennett's in-between-seasons' wardrobe (*shown on these and the following two pages*) should help solve it for us, though. For street wear she has chosen the type of tailored suits that, in a cold pinch, could be worn under loose fur coats, and, for evening, one long-sleeved dinner gown that is as practical as it is *chic*.



For that quiet hour or two before dressing for dinner, or for just relaxing for the evening, it is nice to have a graceful housecoat like this one designed for Joan. It is of soft white flannel and is worn with a canary yellow chiffon scarf. An interesting addition is the yellow suede make-up kit which snaps onto the belt. Handy when unexpected visitors arrive.

Some boudoir ensembles are so entrancing these days they are often mistaken for evening gowns and *(at right)* Joan is wearing one of them. The nightie is of nude colored crepe lavishly lace trimmed and over it is fastened an exquisitely cut negligee of white marquisette.

Preview of Early



(Left) For the first really warm days this two-toned suit of Joan Bennett's is ideal. The skirt is black wool cut with only a slight flare and is topped with a short, fitted jacket of mustard colored wool piped in black. It is collarless and worn with a black wool scarf. Her draped turban is of mustard wool and her gloves, shoes and handbag are black suede.



(Right) Tailored house pajamas of wool are a "must" when the calendar says it is Spring but the cold winds of March still blow through the house. Joan's are the very last word in trim smartness. The trousers are cyclamen and also the scarf, while the jacket is yellow, monogrammed in cyclamen, two colors which contrast beautifully with Joan's interesting new coiffure. They say she's brunette for keeps, now.

Spring Tailleurs

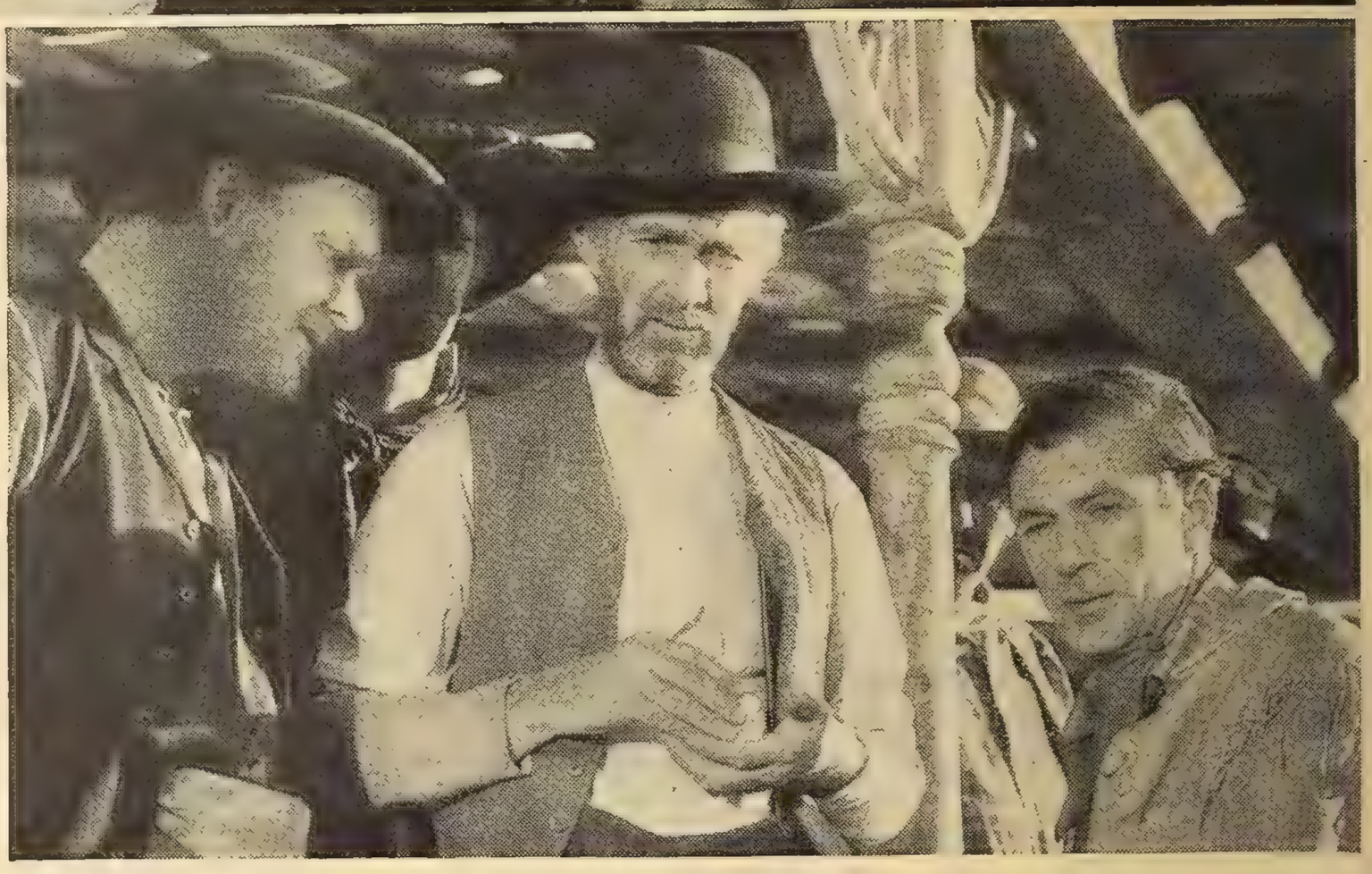
(Below) Recalling the frock-tail coats of several years back is this rose beige wool that is dressy enough for swank luncheons or cocktail parties. The cutaway has one button and is piped in beige velveteen and worn with a beige crepe crisscross vest. A veiled velveteen hat with a variation of the snood and brown suede accessories complete this very stunning outfit.





(Above) This kelly green suit is excellent for traveling or just for taking a walk down the avenue. Made of wool, it sports a jacket with wide revers and a white blouse embroidered in a strawberry design of red and green. An off-the-face green crepe turban, so becoming to Joan's type of beauty, and brown suede accessories make this costume an eye-catching one.





Pictures Are on the Fire!

Top: Joseph Calleia and W. C. Fields drink a toast to Mae West in a scene from "My Little Chickadee" which Dick Mook describes. *Above:* Walter Brennan, Gary Cooper and players in a scene from "The Westerner." Gary is one film star who always has time for friendly words between scenes.

By Dick Mook

Off-the-record facts and chats about important films you'll soon be seeing

WITH Christmas once more behind us (*Allah be praised!*) the big noise in town this month is at—

Universal

THE cheers and huzzahs out here are over the W. C. Fields-Mae West picture, whimsically titled "My Little Chickadee." The plot is rather far-fetched and doesn't make much sense, but who wants sense when they can have these two stars? Me? All I expect from them is laughs and I've never seen a picture either of them has made that hasn't had laughs galore.

The time is 1885. Mae and Fields are married, but it is the town boss and crook (*Joseph Calleia*) who has caught Mae's errant fancy. Calleia has had Fields made sheriff and is tossing a banquet in his (*Bill's*) honor. But, alackaday! Joe sits at the head of the table with Mae beside him while far down at the other end of the room, his back against the wall (*the closet wall, I might add, for the door to the closet has been opened to make room for his chair*) sits Bill—the guest of honor.

Calleia is on his feet. "Ladies and gentlemen," he begins, "I am not going to make a speech. In fact, we are not going to have any speeches tonight. We're just going to have a good time and enjoy it. I give you our new sheriff and his lovely lady—Sheriff and Mrs. Tillie." . .

He bows—but not to Bill. His gallantry is for Mae.

The scene finished, Mae retires to her dressing room—Bill to his chair. Eddie Cline, the director, is buzzing around when Mr. Fields hails him. "Yesterday," W. C. complains solemnly, "I noticed one of the girls on the set with six strands of hair hanging down one side of her face. Today there are only five, even though it's the same scene. The close-ups won't match with the long shots and you'd better do something about it." He dismisses Mr. Cline with a vague wave of his hand and turns to an Indian in full

regalia. He is so absorbed in the Indian he doesn't see me and I resent it. So I begin making inquiries about the Indian. It turns out he is not an Indian at all, but George Moran, formerly of Moran & Mack, "The Two Black Crows." Time sure works changes.

THE other picture on this lot is called "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love" and its title is taken from the song "Oh, Johnny Oh, Johnny, Oh!" The studio thinks this is a swell title, but I don't because by the time it gets to a theatre as half of a double bill it will appear on the marquee as "Oh, Johnny, HYCL," but that's *their* little red wagon.

In this opus you'll get thrills and chills galore plus Tom Brown, Allen Jenkins, Juanita Quigley, Donald Meek, Isabel Jewell, Betty Jane Rhodes AND Peggy Moran who revived the popularity of the title song.

FOR the first time in many a moon there is only one picture going at this studio about which I haven't already told you. That one is "And It All Came True," which is [*Continued on page* 78]



Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler as you'll see them in the forthcoming "Young Tom Edison." The role is a departure for Mickey.





Jane Withers and Gene Autry are the stars of "Shooting High," with Gene on loan to Twentieth Century-Fox from Republic Pictures. Jane sings a song in this amusing scene.

In "And It All Came True," Ann Sheridan says to Una O'Connor, "Listen, Ma! I act the way I please; I talk the way I please and I dress the way I please and you can't stop me! But, technically I'm a good girl!"



Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

IF YOU are worried about your dinner parties not being a success, don't bother to call up Elsa Maxwell. All you have to do is to be able to snare either Fannie Brice or Gracie Allen with her George, and your guests will laugh themselves silly right through their soup, their leg of lamb, and into their coffee. Never have you heard such wonderful stories as Fannie Brice and George Burns can tell, and by the hour. Gracie doesn't tell so many stories, but the looks that she gives her Georgie Porgie when she thinks that he might be "going a little too far" are enough to throw you into convulsions.

Joan Davis is probably the only gal in Hollywood who prefers going to sleep counting goldfish. Literally. She's very fond of watching them, so when her husband, Si Wills, added a new bedroom and sunroom to the house he had a glass wall built between the rooms with a five foot aquarium, wherein swim goldfish. Joan can watch and count them as she lies abed!

Joan is very proud of a beautiful hand-hooked rag rug she purchased for the new bedroom, and when six-year-old daughter, Beverly Wills, came home from school Joan called her upstairs to see the new *hooked* rag rug. Said daughter Beverly, "But, Mamma, you shouldn't even steal rags, you know."

Considering she is Twentieth Century's best glamour bet Linda Darnell certainly gets herself into very simple and unglamorous jams. The other day she went marketing at a nearby serve-yourself grocery store for her large family (*her mother and three sisters and brother, all from Dallas, Texas, are here with her, and there are no servants*) and when she got a bottle of milk out of the market ice box she slammed the door on her finger, which bled so profusely that Linda fainted dead away. No harm done, however, except she will lose the nail.

For a midnight snack Clark Gable likes nothing better than to open up a can of tomatoes, put salt and pepper on them, and swallow them down.

The most in love people in Hollywood right now are Olivia de Havilland and the tall and genial Tim Durant. When Olivia planed out of Glendale for the gay "Gone With the Wind" doings in Atlanta, Tim was at the airport with a face way down to there. Looking at him you'd have thought that Olivia was flying to the end of the world forever, and not just to Georgia for two days.

Dolores Del Rio, who returns to the screen after two years' retirement in "Arouse and Beware" with Wallace Beery, is so beautiful in her make-up of the Russian girl, that she is breath-taking. Undoubtedly, this role will make a new cycle for the Latin star who only a few months ago announced to a news service that unless she could find the ideal role in which to return to the screen within a few months she could be considered permanently retired.

Incidentally, nary a month goes by without a bright new fashion angle from Del Rio. She appeared at the Lunt and





Above: **A famous columnist's wife, Mrs. Ed. Sullivan, dancing with Groucho Marx at the Beverly-Wilshire. *Right:* Mickey Rooney with dancer Dolly Thon, who still hasn't said "yes" to his marriage proposal. *Below:* At a recent hospital benefit Basil Rathbone appeared as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson. Their greatest discovery of the evening was Ann Sheridan.**

Below: **Edgar Bergen, dining at the Victor Hugo with Fay McKenzie, asks our cameraman, "How should we pose?"**

Fontanne show in a black gown and black coq-feather bracelets.

A kiss on the cheek is W. C. Fields unfailing welcome to Mae West whenever the latter arrives on the set to begin the day's shooting. A kiss on the cheek is better than a stab in the back, as Confucius says.



Shed a very feminine tear for Penny Singleton, who is one of the world's most restricted women. She can't wear her hair the way she wants to. A year ago when Penny signed her contract with Columbia Studios to portray "Blondie" in the series of picturizations on the famous comic strip, she signed a clause to the effect that her hair, both on and off the screen, would be worn exclusively as "Blondie." The studio requires Penny to have her hair dressed once a week in the studio make-up salon, and by the same girl who originally designed it.

Deanna Durbin's favorite between meals snack is a hamburger sandwich and a milkshake.

Virginia Weidler took a week to knit Mickey Rooney a necktie. The colors are so riotous that Mickey is afraid to wear it for fear of being kidded, still he doesn't want to offend Virginia.

Five years ago when Constance Bennett announced she would become a motion picture producer in the near future, Hollywood thought it was just one more star's ambitious dream that would never materialize. But in the interim, the Bennett has been mighty busy and plenty is materializing. During her brief stay in the East Connie completed a successful personal appearance tour, signed for the lead in Noel Coward's play "Easy Virtue" and completed plans for her own production unit in New York. Present schedule is to make three pictures, in only one of which she will appear. And if you don't think Connie knows what this producing game is all about remember that for years she has numbered among her friends some of filmdom's most successful producers.



Above: **Ann Rutherford has her little joke as she's snapped with a boy friend, Chuck Isaacs.** ***Left:*** **Dorothy Lamour takes her seat beside Bob Preston at the Biltmore Bowl, but spent most of the evening dancing with Wynn Rocamora.** ***Below:*** **Four movie doubles applied to Earl Carroll for his new revue,** ***(l. to r.)*** **Jeanette McDonald's, Myrna Loy's, Loretta Young's and Barbara Stanwyck's.**

Do you want Mae West on a platter? Well, here's your opportunity. Mae West, accompanied by Gene Austin with Candy and Coco and the Holiday Singers, male sextet, has made a recording of "Willie of the Valley," a number which she sings in her new starring picture with W. C. Fields, "My Little Chickadee."

Bob Breen, whose family announced recently his retirement from singing roles for two years while his voice changes, has a marvelous answer for folks who confront him with the usual Hollywood line, "What are you doing these days?"

"I'm between voices," grins Bobby.

Victor McLaglen is proud of his financial investment in a messenger service, run by five young boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen. The thriving little business operates in a suburb near Los Angeles, and received its start when Victor gave a motor-bike to an ambitious young boy who wanted to make some spending money after school nights. The boy now has four assistants, and insists upon paying Victor a monthly dividend. Vic puts it back into the business in advertising.

And if you really want to lose weight Dick Powell suggests that you go on a personal appearance tour and play five shows a day. Dick broke all kinds of records on his recent tour which was the most sensationally successful of any Hollywood personality. But it certainly wasn't play. Dick worked so hard he lost twenty pounds!



Below: **Marlene Dietrich seldom laughs heartily, but Jimmy Stewart evidently knows just how it's done.**



Beauty and Brains Do Go Together!

[Continued from page 23]

whatsoever. So I determined, then and there, I would never live that kind of a life."

What did she do about it?

Anyone else would have felt it rash to dream of anything more elegant than marrying a good burgher who had run a wine-shop or, perhaps, owned a modest theatre in town.

Not Ilona.

She was skipping along the street warbling to herself and wondering what the world was coming to when a fabulously tall man tapped her on the shoulder and said:

"Pardon me, but you have a lovely voice."

"Thank you," she stammered right back at him. "You see I sing. That is, I'm studying for the concert stage."

Prophetic fib!

That very same day she began inquiring around for a teacher who would coach her more out of love than profit.

And the die was cast.

Henceforth what money was not needed to pacify the butcher and baker and the landlord went into singing lessons. By this time her sister had mastered the mysteries of Gregg shorthand and had become expert at pummeling a typewriter. This talent boosted the intake and the fledgling nightingale was able to complete the vocal ground course.

Then she decided to try her wings.

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of dreams. Lordly dreams, no less. Dreams of fame and fortune—boundless fame, fabulous fortune.

Did anyone want a wonderful singer?

It seems no one in all Budapest showed the slightest excitement. In desperation she buttonholed the general of the Budapest Light Opera Company and told him she wanted a job, practically anything at all. Moved by her plea, he took her at her word and put her on the payroll. But not as a singer. As a lowly hoofer!

"I was a dreadful dancer," she likes to remember nowadays, "so dreadful that the director shoved me back in the third row so that the audience couldn't get too good a view of me."

And so it went for two years, learning new dance numbers, acquiring an occasional new costume and then the eternal pirouettes and kicks. Until it dawned on her that the dream within her was fading.

Had she endured privation in vain? Had she practiced for hours on end merely to end up as a dancer whose salary would not permit her the luxury of carfare home?

Like a sign from on high the inspiration came to her to try Vienna. Here, truly, was the altar of song. Here stalked the ghosts of the Strausses, Haydn, Mozart and Bach.

Vienna did not welcome her with open arms. No one seemed to care. Out of lost hope she finally called up a friend and begged him to get her some sort of an audition. He did. With the Volksopera. She learned the entire score of an opera in eight days so as to be able to wow the magnificoes. After she had poured her heart into her try-out, she was broken-hearted to find them shaking their heads.

"Your German is frightful," the director said. "You'll never do."

She swore by the shade of the great Beethoven that she'd improve her accent. Let them give her a few days. They settled on one week. Again she sang. Like a true Teuton this time. The magnificoes smiled. And signed her up.

She made her debut in "Tosca," a meteoric blonde tidal wave of sight and song who intrigued the critics, one of whom was to write the next day that "the lady listed on the programs as Miss Ilona Hajmassy is soothing to the eye, magnetic to observe and nothing short of impertinent for daring to make her debut in so taxing a role as 'Tosca.' "

Undeterred by this critical grousing, Ilona Massey tried the more important Stadt's Opera.

The verdict was as follows: Unquestionable talent and rare beauty but more training needed which should be started by undertaking small roles.

She shrugged and prepared to start from the bottom. Wasn't there a proverb about oak trees emerging from little acorns?

But she didn't relax and wait for fame to come to her. She went out to meet it half way.

First she had some pictures of herself made (*but striking!*) and carried 'em to the Vienna office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, manned by a Mr. Bernstein.

Would Mr. B. please send them to America so that his studio could have a look?

Mr. Bernstein made it plain that it sounded too much like shadow boxing. Instead he said he'd hang on to the pictures and if any of the important Metro boys came to town he'd pass them around.

You could have floored her with the Empire State Building when the postman called around a few days later with an invitation to attend a tea in honor of a star whom they recently signed.

She came, of course, and so did Metro's Ben Thau who is the studio's mover and shaker. The inevitable happened, as you may have guessed. Mr. Thau said, roughly, "You ought to be in pictures—with M.G.M. that is." And Miss Massey said, quiet like, "I think you're right."

Which is where we came in, if you're still awake. First there was a small part in "Rosalie," then an eighteen-month vacation and finally the go-to-town role in "Balalaika."

It is the remembrance of this epic struggle that makes Ilona Massey what she is.

"When you are faced with a struggle against the odds, you do one of two things," she is convinced.

"Either you are discouraged and you go down or you go it the hard way and fight. If you win out and reach your goal, that's only part of the battle. The important thing is not to lose your soul in the process." *This,* with emphasis, from Miss Massey.

Metro's crooning philosopher is a singular somebody, an almost-platinum-haired sylph with a figure that outlustres the legendary sylphs. She walks like nobody else in a sort of gliding motion, and when she meets you she gives your hand a warm grip just as though she meant it and didn't regard you as a bore she had to put up with for the nonce.

She says she'll meet you at four and she arrives at 3:58. She's hospitable to a fault. She wouldn't dream of being otherwise. Why, she even entertained two high school chickadees in her hotel suite at tea, simply because they had called up to pay their respects.

Cardinal sin in her lexicon is ingratitude. Do her one favor and she'll do you seven.

Right before our very eyes she almost brought tears of joy (*and of surprise*) to the eyes of a Metro publicity man when she presented him with gifts for his kindness during her New York trip. She blushed at his stammering "thank you."

This same feeling for human beings is expressed by her one ideal beyond making a success out of her career, which she once confided to a friend.

It's to create a girls' school where unfortunate lassies would be given a new vista of life. When she finds the money, she'll do all this without fanfare, without mention in the press.

In Hollywood, she's just as unique. She doesn't traipse around in the spotlight's bright glare. She'll stay at home with a book or maybe she'll write letters.

She adores America. Her taxes to the government she pays with a ki-yi-yippee.

"Where in all the world but in America would I get a chance like this?" she asks you disarmingly.

She's amazed at how wonderful life is over here, especially how education is available for the asking. She never gets tired of reciting how pleased she is that her aunt, who stays with her in the movie capital, gets free night-school lessons in English.

"She talks more like George Bernard Shaw every time she returns," Miss Massey swears.

This identical level-headedness she maintains in everything she does. She admits that she's intrigued by long dresses on the sleek and tailored side and when she's dancing in one (*with the right partner*) she's fairly in the groove.

But she doesn't get them from Paris. Not at all. And they aren't costly, either. And, for day-time, she wears dresses that cost $14 or maybe $15.95 and thinks they're "more than satisfactory."

She thinks this glamour business is fantastic, not to mention funny.

First, she's not too sure she knows what it means. Her own standard of evaluation is the inner man or woman. Glamour-girls, consequently, give her the ho-hums. In a spirit of impish satire, she's named her plug-ugly English bull-dog "Glamour-girl" and she assures you that the dog is *really* glamorous—glamorous of soul.

[*Continued on page* 65]



Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

Making Her Debut

ington's smart young peo-ke an active interest in nal affairs. Miss Fish shows f-town guests some of the historic landmarks.

for a Washington debutante
ns a constant round of par-—this spring Miss Fish is
ng the busiest season she has known.



Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Writing Sales Slips

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

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Untold Blunders of Hollywood Stars!

[Continued from page 37]

"Unfortunately for me, my second Broadway show was a hit, also. But when it wound up my burst of super-luck was over. For three years I was in one flop after another. Of course, I had an unlimited supply of alibis. When the boys from the newspapers waxed sarcastic in their reviews, I knew that all critics were screwy. I didn't snap out of it until I had to. Eventually no producer wanted to bother with me; I relied on a 'technique' that boiled down to a lazy, insincere stab at acting. I was fit for tank towns. One important producer took the trouble to put me wise to myself, and I'll never stop being grateful to him for talking turkey to me. My hamminess had sunk in deep; off-stage I'd been becoming increasingly unpopular.

"When I suddenly saw myself for what I was I understood why I had so few friends. I was so ashamed of the boob I'd blandly developed into that I swore I'd effect a violent reformation. I began to listen to well-meant advice. I quit pretending I was an improvement on the Barrymore boys and Romeo. When I was through being fakey, I began to progress."

So that's why Gable is invariably regular in Hollywood; he wouldn't have his fame, fortune, and Carole if he weren't.

They claim that Mickey Rooney is a new Rooney. This is going to be sweet music to Wally Beery, if he ever wants to catch up on Rooney data. For there was that morning at M-G-M which Wally hasn't yet been able to stamp out of his memory. He's frankly as plain as an old bedroom slipper, Wally is, and as kind-hearted as they come. He wasn't at all prepared for the rude rebuke the kid star breezily dished out to him. They met for the first rehearsal of the picture's chief scenes. Beery, a top name for twenty years, was going to have the talented lad as a team-mate. Wally was all set to be helpful, and a veteran of his type can give plenty of pointers.

Mickey blew in, proceeded to be all terse business. Wally is accustomed to only half memorizing his lines for such a rehearsal. He glanced at the script a couple of times. Mickey rose to his five-feet-four, announced loudly, "If you don't know your lines I can't waste my time!" And before Wally could catch his breath Master Rooney strode out, slamming the door. They say Mickey fashions his course after Gable's. Perhaps he'll run across Clark's confession here, and profit by it. Someday he may apologize to a man others respect.

Imitation may be the supreme sort of flattery in some eyes, but you'll never find Madeleine Carroll copying any other woman. For better or worse, she's sticking to her own hunches about her own quite individual self. "I practically cut my throat!" she exclaimed to me, over a luncheon table at the Brown Derby the other day. "My publicity asserts that I'm clever. I hope I am. But, believe me, there was one phase when I was anything but judicious.

"It was back in England. I'd done several plays and films and I was doing all right, everything considered. But like every girl is apt to be, I was impatient. I wanted to be 'the' most glamorous creature who ever knocked London for a loop. So, not being extraordinary nor devastating in a front-page style, I looked over the field of those who were and chose Marlene Dietrich as my model. I would be a la Dietrich, only more so! She dripped with allure; so would I, in her best form.

"I had a little say on my pictures, so I made startling changes in my make-up, my photography, my clothes. I was terribly enthused; it seemed a terrific notion at the time. I revised my face into an imitation of hers. I plucked my poor eyebrows bare and drew pencil lines I imagined had infinite flair. I insisted upon being photographed with mysterious hollows in my cheeks. Then," she sighed, "I ordered much black lace. I persuaded them to call the epic 'Fascination.' It was dreadful; I was almost a burlesque.

"And I had struggled so hard. I visualized myself as such an extravagant *femme fatale*. It was all the more appalling because I was a fizzle of a carbon copy in a picture that had to be released. Before it was previewed I realized I'd have to live it down. I joked about it incessantly, so no one would guess how absolutely dumb I'd been. When I came to America it had not been shown here, so I've kept quiet about it. But it certainly taught me that no clever woman parrots."

Madeleine hopes Marlene didn't see 'Fascination.'

Only a couple of months ago Sonja Henie again repeated that she'd never had time to be in love. Sonja is following the theory that repetition will make it so. She is as determined a young woman as ever has come to Hollywood, and once this determination led her into a faux pas that knocked her plumb into bits. Here is the episode she has resolved shall be wiped out as though it never happened.

When Sonja arrived in Los Angeles, to crash the movies, she hired the biggest arena in the city to give her skating exhibition in. She was more than willing to visit the 20th Century-Fox lot. The publicity department sent Tyrone Power, then just beginning to be a sensation, over to be photographed with the Norwegian athlete.

Sonja beamed, said to Ty: "You're coming to see me skate tonight?" He had never heard of her until the previous hour, but being a gentleman he replied, "I wanted to, but there are no tickets left." Sonja's mind is like lightning, and she decided Ty would be a grand boy friend in a minute's time. "Here are two!" she exclaimed, delving into her purse. "Come back to my dressing-room and I should like you to come to the little party we will have afterwards!"

Tyrone invited his current enthusiasm, but when he went back-stage to say hello he had intuition enough to go alone. Sonja was amazed that he'd brought a girl on the other ticket. She suggested he send her home and come on to the Troc alone. Ty explained he could hardly do that.

Yet the romance bloomed, thanks to Sonja's vivid interest in Ty. The portraits she autographed lovingly to him decorated his chiffonier. If Sonja didn't care for him she was handing him a tremendous line! They broke up because she was too dominating. Used to constant attention, and ever efficient and routined, Sonja expected Ty to jump whenever she nodded! Aside from both being new picture stars at the same time, they had little in common. There isn't a more spontaneous, fun-loving fellow in Hollywood than Ty, and he soon tired of Sonja's imperious demands. She was all system, he all warm impulse. He withdrew as politely as he could; still it was evident Sonja was in an embarrassing position. She was the new wonder girl; she was making money (*she has two million socked away, it's rumored*). But if she couldn't hold her handsome b.f., how potent was her appeal?

After feeling sorry for herself, as any miss in such a conspicuous mess would, Sonja decided to dismiss the whole thing. It was dismissed to this extent, too—studio publicity stories on La Henie could not contain the forbidden name: Tyrone Power! The censorship was a success, Tyrone went on to more experienced companionship and today Sonja, whose pride was trampled on because she let herself in for a blunder no woman should make, is as naive about love as Shirley Temple. So she maintains!

The most magnetic, most beautiful new star in Hollywood is Lana Turner, who doesn't have to cultivate oomph. She has it, and doesn't know how to temper it for Hollywood. But she's learning. Her first interviewer was a gushy woman who dreamed up a gooey piece. The second member of the press she encountered brought out Lana's sense of humor, and her realistic attitude towards life and love. Nine out of ten newcomers try to impress by outlining their little patterns, which are inevitably what some reigning star has advised.

Lana is absolutely honest by nature, so she answered every question without parrying or pausing for a prettyfied phrase. The writer knew he had a snappy yarn; so did the studio. Lana's quotes were killed. She was informed she now has a public and she's not to talk to it uninhibitedly. Every time she meets a reporter these days she mutters to herself, "Here's where Turner gets cagey!" But she's such a straightforward gal that even thinking twice before she replies hasn't stereotyped her.

If there is a more attractive, nicer wife in Hollywood than Mrs. Ray Milland I'd enjoy an introduction. The Millands are happy together now that Ray has proved he belongs among those who matter. Theirs is a reversal of the usual Hollywood habit, the one that brings eventual divorce to the man who becomes a star while his home-adoring wife melts into a pale background. You'll see Mrs. Milland

[*Continued on page* 74]



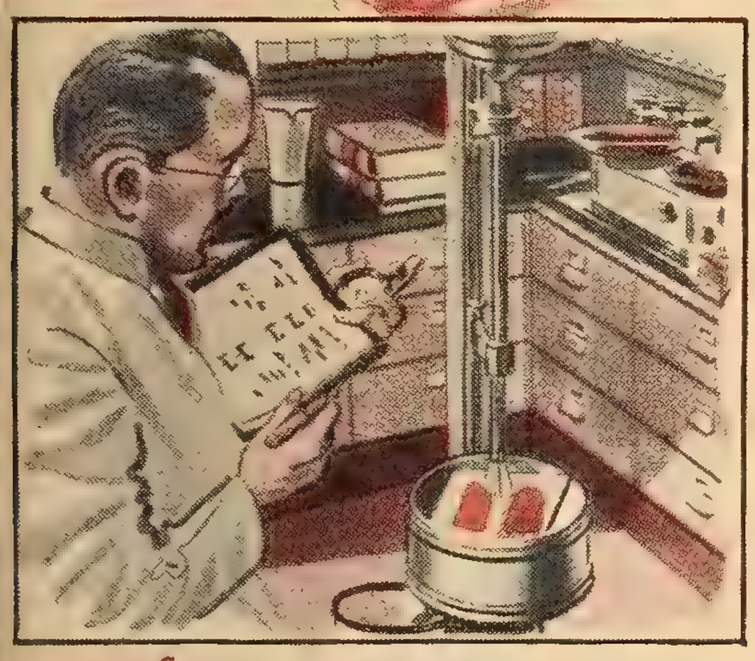
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Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion . . . Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

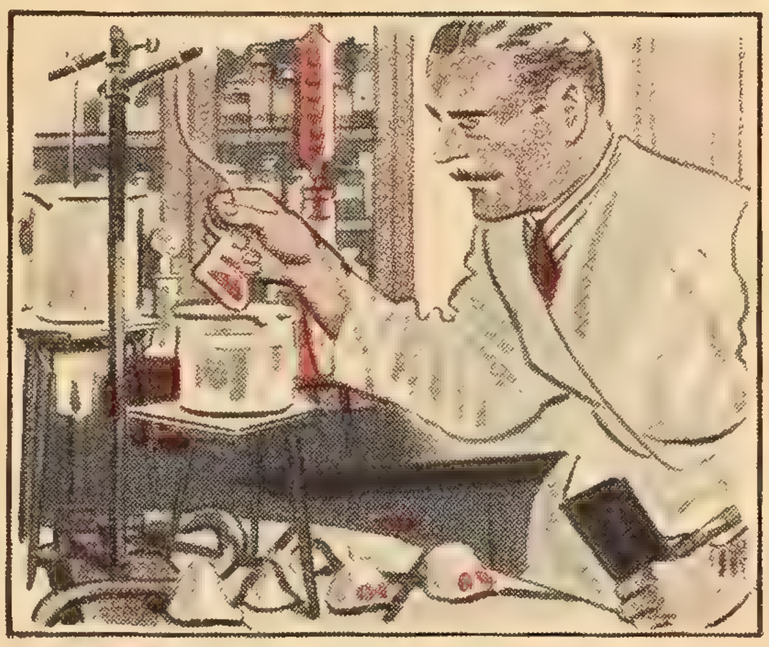
In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news.

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Sand From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish . . . much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.



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CAMEO—Fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink.
HEATHER—Grape-rose.



NEW CUTEX *Salon Polish*

Villainy As You Like It!

[Continued from page 25]

a soft shirt, nondescript, and a tie, also nondescript. The outfit was completed by black shoes and blue socks that didn't seem to go with anything.

But—sartorial quibbling aside—no one can criticize the Laughton voice. Here he was, wasting beautiful diction and ear-delighting tonal nuances on a telephone conversation mostly about the fourth row orchestra—shades of Shakespeare! He laughed at a joke and, becoming very British, said: "Righto! I shall put in for them straight away." Translated it meant that he was going to reserve some theatre tickets without delay. The English are so hard to understand.

The sitting room in which we sat was in much too neat order, if his reputation means anything. Of course, the three cleaning people who fled out as we arrived may have had something to do with it.

On a radiator stood a portable radio; he likes the "wireless." On the floor near the desk lay an expensive record-playing machine on which he plays acetate records made of his recent broadcasts. The desk itself was stacked high with papers and on the mantel, incongruously enough, lay a short section of railroad track. It was a bit of the rails on which the Santa Fe's *Chief*, with the Laughtons aboard, had met with a small accident. The metal was furrowed with an artistic fern-like pattern due to the fact that the accident had "polarized" it—a scientific state of affairs considerably beyond the combined knowledge of the actor and the interviewer. At the moment of the accident Mr. Laughton was in the dining car and his only complaint is anent the sugar bowl that disgorged its contests into his lap.

Just back of the rail (*we're still on the mantel*), a cartoon from *Punch* was propped up. It shows Hitler looking through a sheaf of portraits of various Laughton screen characterizations, Bligh and worse. "I wonder," Hitler is saying, "how Laughton will do me?"

By this time Laughton had finished his phone conversation and was rolled up again on the divan. "Elsa and I are here for a few months between pictures," he said. "We had intended to do one with Leo McCarey but then he had that automobile accident. Great director, McCarey, did 'Ruggles Of Red Gap,' for Paramount y'know. I liked Ruggles. Fine character."

At this point we should all take time out for a sigh. For how are we going to be scared by Laughton's posturings as villains when we know all along that he's a genial guy? He likes Ruggles, he hates Bligh. He could spit on Nero and he wouldn't harm a hair on Carole Lombard's head in real life (*neither would we*). Alas and several alacks. . . .

Laughton's latest cinema role is that of *Quasimodo*, the hunchback first made famous by Lon Chaney in the silent version of "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." The Laughton version was made during that Hollywood heat wave and one afternoon on a tin-roof set the temperature crawled up to 132 degrees. Off-set it hovered around 107 most of the time, making the Laughton mattress hot all the way through. The door-knobs sizzled so everyone stayed in one place or opened doors with a crowbar. The make-up the man had to wear as the hunchback didn't ease the situation at all.

But, in spite of all this he kept his temper. There is no authentic record of Laughton temperament, rather a deal of praise for his ability to work hard and be nice about it. Perhaps the nearest approach to anything like temperament occurred when Laughton's Mayflower Productions was making "Jamaica Inn," about ten days before Alfred Hitchcock, who was directing the picture, had to sail for America. There was one last sequence to shoot that would normally take two weeks.

But this evening Laughton had finished a long tough sequence and both Hitchcock and Laughton's partner, Erich Pommer, knew that Laughton was planning to rest the next day. That would have been quite acceptable in the normal course of things but under the circumstances, impossible. Hitchcock, fearing an explosion from Laughton, asked Pommer for help. Pommer could think of only one thing to do. He walked up to the actor and without trying to be at all subtle, barked: "Charles, you'll work tomorrow and every night until the scene is done."

Laughton glared at him and jumped to his feet. "I'll do nothing of the sort!" he yelled. "I need rest and I've got to study the scene. What do you take me for? I'm part owner of this company!" And with that he threw his script to the floor. "I'm going home!" he stormed. "And just because of this, Erich, I'm going to spend a week in the country. Now, what do you say to that?"

"All right, Charles," answered Pommer, "after all, it's your own money this time."

Laughton glared at him. Then he started chuckling and broke into a broad grin. "You've got me there," he admitted. "This is probably the first time in the history of picture-making where an actor's walking out would have cost him money instead of the producer." He nodded. "I'll be down at nine in the morning."

Actor and producer. Not bad for a young-feller-me-lad born in Scarborough, England, somewhere around time to make him about forty now. No, not bad for a nipper who started life as a hotel clerk (*clark*) at Claridge's Hotel in London in order to learn the business. The war took him out from behind the desk and after the fighting was over he decided to study dramatics at the Royal Academy, eventually landing the role of *Osip* in "The Government Inspector." From then on parts came fast and choice, notably roles in "The Cherry Orchard," "Alibi," On The Spot" and a host of others.

He did a quantity of Shakespeare at the "Old Vic," too. "I faintly stank in 'Macbeth,'" he says. He thinks Clark Gable should do "Macbeth" because he "has stuff" and "that bronze." For himself he would like to do "King Lear."

While playing the role of *Mr. Prohack*, in the play of the same name, Laughton met and married Elsa Lanchester herself an accomplished actress. He won the Academy award in 1933 for his work in "Henry the VIII."

He made his first American appearance in Gilbert Miller's Broadway production of "Payment Deferred," appeared in Jed Harris' Broadway production of "Fatal Alibi" and then returned to London for a vacation which was halted by an offer from Hollywood.

It was Laughton who discovered Maureen O'Hara, the eighteen-year-old pretty from Ireland's Abbey Theatre. "We were ready to help her with little bits of acting advice when we made 'Jamaica Inn'—oh, hello my dear, this is Mr. . . ."

Mrs. Laughton, (*Elsa Lanchester*) had arrived. He made the necessary introduction and answered the phone. It was still in regard to the theatre and tickets. This time they almost agreed that it should be next week and the eighth row center, but it was left at a call-you-back-Joe thing.

"Where was I?" he asked, burrowing into the divan. "Oh yes, Maureen. Well, there was Leslie Banks, Emlyn Williams and I ready and willing to advise her. But after the first day's shooting we gathered back of the set and said, to a man, 'Did *you* see her!" That's what makes us think we have something in the gel."

He cocked an apprehensive eye at his red-haired spouse who stood efficiently, if a bit wildly, tossing papers right and left from the great pile on the desk. He shrugged his shoulders as though to say, that's the way they all act. Leaving Miss O'Hara, he went on to say that producers had doubted the wisdom of his co-starring with his wife in "The Beachcomber."

"There you are," he said. "That proves an old point of mine. *Beachcomber* audiences knew that in real life Elsa and I were married. They didn't mind it in the least and I'm convinced that it was due in large part to the feeling that a man and wife can interpret those intimate little details of married relationships, and even courtship relationships, in a way that would be impossible to persons who have just been introduced to each other by the director.

"I don't see any reason why, when stage audiences have accepted married couples like Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontaine; Sir Seymour and Lady Hicks; E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe and Fredric March and Florence Eldredge, a taboo has arisen on similar teams in the films."

He'd like to do a picture a year with his wife and he'd like to see the Marches do one together. Feels they all know each other's every little mood.

Because he likes radio and because he has a little time on his hands, this man who admits he's lazy about many things, but not his profession, has been acting on it—along with Mrs. L. They did the Benét "John Brown's Body" on the Burgess Meredith "Pursuit Of Happiness" air show, to such tumultuous in-person and telegraphic applause that they decided to do something of the late Thomas Wolfe's—a bit contrasting the American way with others. The Laughtons spent



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Beech-Nut Gum



ten days rehearsing a script that took exactly fourteen minutes on the air.

"Funny thing, that," he began. He obviously didn't dare look at the papers of state and whatnot being gaily tossed into the wastebasket. "We'd rehearse the show up here at night, fine. Go over to the studio next day and it would sound forced, artificial. Back here next evening, good again. Why so?"

"Darling," interposed Mrs. Laughton, holding up a sheet covered with minute writing that couldn't possibly be read from further away than a foot, "do you want to save this?"

"Yes dear, it's very important," he said firmly, not even looking at her. *One* sheet was going to stay on the desk. "Let's see, why so? I gave it much thought and finally the solution came to me. At the hotel we relaxed in comfortable chairs, like this," he indicated himself so that anyone interested would know that he was relaxed, "at the studio we stood before a microphone; stiff, ill at ease."

So just before he was to go on the air he appeared before the studio audience, dragging a tremendous arm chair with him. He told them frankly what his theory was. Said that if they had any laughing to do, to do it then because he had too much respect for Wolfe's stuff to let anything spoil this show.

No one so much as tittered. So he sank into the chair, drew down a mike and fell to acting. The show was a big success.

"Matter of fact, I found out that that is the way Wolfe himself worked. He used to sprawl deep in a big chair, pad and pencil in lap, and as fast as he finished a page tossed it onto the floor." The telephone bell rang again. "Is it about the tickets, Elsa?" It was, and he went into a telephonic huddle again.

He's going to do a scene from the diary of Samuel Pepys over the air soon.

"Going to do some Pepys," he said, pronouncing it, correctly, "peeps," and then saying "pepp-ies," possibly thinking that We Americans said "pepp-ies." Being reassured that we hadn't tampered with Sam's name, he went on. "Elsa and I are going to do a husband and wife scene where we have one hell of a fine fight." There might have been something in the glance he directed at his paper-tearing wife.

If this sounds like too much talk about his air work remember that you can't pin this man down to any one medium of expression. He's got to be up and acting somewhere or he's not happy. He'd do a play in a minute if he found one he liked.

Arriving at the bottom of the pile, Mrs. L. produced a letter from an old friend of theirs and read it aloud. Up on his feet, with the speed and grace of a deer, popped this large gathering of flesh and in no time at all he was another person. He must have caught a perfect likeness of the letter-writer because Mrs. Laughton collapsed on his neck in tears of laughter. Then, arm in arm, they walked over to the window and looked out over the Manhattan sky line.

"Let's send him a present," suggested Charles. "Something very nice?" asked Elsa. He chuckled. "No, something silly,



Lya Lys, glamorous Warner Brothers player, is next to be seen in "Murder in the Air." She loves horses, prefers the country to the city.

like that. . . ." The phone rang you're given three guesses what it rang for.

"We like our New York friends very much," he said passing cigarettes around. "You wouldn't know most of them. They're people we've accumulated over years, in the business and out. Oh, you might know a few like the Freddie Marches, Buzz Meredith or Ruth Gordon —but mostly they're friends because they like us and the other way round. They call us up all of the time." Hardly necessary, that last.

These two people are very much like "Mr. & Mrs." in the funnies. He likes Hollywood, she doesn't very much. He can't cook but she can. He likes to eat but doesn't go in for the fancy stuff. Mostly things like steak and kidney pie and roast beef and yorkshire pudding—like any other Britisher. Both of them are fond of Charley McCarthy and the assisting Mr. Bergen; Laughton has worked with them. At home in England, over weekends, he does some amateur gardening, coming out mostly in radishes and small truck. He even wields an axe and chops down trees, probably grunting: "Take that, Bligh—take that, Nero!" He wakes up decently cheerful but it takes her a while to get going.

They own three hotels in England. They know what a good investment a hotel can be. Besides, they'll always have a place to lay their heads, come adversity. They have no pets. They like Picasso. They like Christmas. Christmas with lots of snow and even icicles if they can be managed. There is no truth in the rumor that because both play scary roles they sit around at home trying to scare each other. Quite the opposite.

The whole thing seems to boil down to this. Don't let the kids read this or you won't be able to scare them to sleep by telling them that Charles Laughton is curled up in the corner.

Over a passage of years, the studio had succeeded in mesmerizing itself through its own publicity releases. Therefore, when Director Ernst Lubitsch, who was fighting for survival, too, persuaded Greta to indulge in some slapstick comedy in "Ninotchka," the town bowed low before him. Lubitsch had no difficulty in gaining his point with Garbo. She knew, this very astute business woman, that she had to stock up with new goods. By the same token, Lubitsch knew that he had to sell a new line of goods to an audience that was fed up with sophisticated cliches.

Lubitsch's awareness of his position at the crossroads had been underscored by his last picture at Paramount with Marlene Dietrich, which ended both of them at that company. Completely unaware that the parade had passed by, Lubitsch turned out a sophisticated Continental trifle that distinguished itself by never finding a common denominator. Movie fans looked at this and could find no point of appeal, no point of relation to their lives and stayed away in vast multitudes. Critics started dissecting the "Lubitsch touch" and found it inept and dated.

So when cigar-smoker Lubitsch got the chance to direct Garbo at M-G-M, he was just as anxious to save his career as hers. Luckily he wasn't stubborn about it. The critics had said of his last that it wasn't down to earth. "Ninotchka" was right down to ground level, in its kidding of Russian communism. Lady Luck also took a hand. At the very moment the picture was released, Russia impugned itself before the world by invading Poland and threatening Finland. The picture could not have been timed for release at a more propitious moment. It injected adrenalin into the veins of the heroine of "Camille" and the director-refugee from Paramount's Gower Street studio at a time when observers believed their professional pulses had stopped beating.

If you remember pale, ethereal Greta Garbo as she coughed through seven reels of "Camille," then see her in "Ninotchka." If you remember languorous Marlene Dietrich swooning in a moonlit garden in "Desire," I urge you to rush to your nearest neighborhood theatre and get a load of her in "Destry Rides Again."

It always has been Carole Lombard's professional boast that she is one star who doesn't mind getting heaved into a creek for the sake of her art. You have seen La Lombard with the hair plastered down her cheeks as a result of such dunkings. From now on, however, Miss Lombard will have to think up something new because Garbo and Dietrich are taking pratt-falls, engaging in saloon brawls and anything else that directors can concoct in the campaign to unfrock glamour. Not only Garbo and Dietrich! In "Hollywood Cavalcade," one of the more subtle dramatic passages found glamorous Alice Faye stopping one of Buster Keaton's custard pies with her good-looking face. In Joan Crawford's picture with Gable, you will see Joan dishevelled and stained by swamp-water. In "The Women," Rosalind Russell is slugged by Paulette Goddard and retaliates by biting the calf of the shapely Mrs. Chaplin.

The glamour girls, after dwelling in Elysian fields and subsisting on caviar and honey, suddenly have gone to a bread and water diet, not because these gently-reared creatures dislike caviar—but the public does.

What will happen to glamour, from this point on, is not difficult to predict, because the Hollywood mentality is about as easy to gauge as a chain letter. As the result of the successful comebacks of Garbo and Dietrich, who tossed glamour overboard and let down their hair, every studio will make every heroine submit to a kicking around. They will be hit by grapefruit, kicked in the posterior, drenched, insulted, etcetera, until such time as the public gets fed up with this. Then the scale will adjust itself and the heroines again will become delicate objects of affection.

Only one thing however, is positive. For the next five years, glamour girls as we knew them, will never reappear on movie screens. Movie press agents will shelve such adjectives as "exotic," "mysterious," "intriguing," "ethereal." Stars will not be likened to orchids in the press releases and the aura of awe will not be used as a smoke-screen for some time to come. The glamour girls have learned that the public likes spinach, and spinach it will be until the public insists on a new table d'hote menu.

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"All the World Will Be Talking About Her!"

[Continued from page 41]

of all the fifteen people in the house, only my dad and I had heard her scream. And it was impossible not to hear her scream, if you understand me. But it was possible, too, and this was how we knew. One week later my grandmother died. This has happened to me three times. This has happened to my family seven times. Well, my heavens, when you hear it like that, what else can you believe?

"The leprechaun, now, is a tiny, little shoemaker. And he is supposed to know where the pot of gold is hidden at the end of the rainbow. He wears a red jacket, they say, and a green cap with an owl's feather in it. I have never seen or heard the leprechauns. I have heard the banshee. And so, I do not believe in the leprechauns. And do believe in the banshee. I am very practical, you see."

So, she was practical, too, was she, I thought. A head on her shoulders, huh, and *what* a head and, for the matter of that, what shoulders!

She began at once, then, to demonstrate her practicality by giving me what I had come after, the story of her young life. "I was born," she said statistically, "on August the 17th, 1920. I am one of six children, two boys and four girls. I am the next to the eldest. And I am the plain one of the family." (*God save us, I thought, reverently, from the other O'Haras, then, for if they are more beautiful than this next-to-the-eldest they'd scatter the present galaxy of Hollywood stars to the four black winds of oblivion*).

"My elder sister," Maureen was continuing, "has a decisive, no-nonsense-about-me way of talking. She is a nun, a Sister of Charity. We always knew what we wanted, we O'Haras. When we were very tiny, my sister used to say: 'When I grow up I shall be a nun.' And I would say: 'When I grow up I shall be an actress.' Well, she is a nun and I am an actress. And that is the way it is with us, and has always been.

"I was the biggest tomboy. I am not, now, the frilly type. I like to play with boys better than with girls. I loved football and boxing and wrestling. I am strong, very strong, like a lioness . . ." (*No a leopardess*). "I loved knocking at people's doors and then running away before they could open them. I never made many friends, I don't make many now. I went everywhere with my mommie and dad and there were six of us and we were enough. I was a blunt child, blunt almost to the point of rudeness. I told the truth and shamed all the devils. I didn't take discipline very well. I would never be slapped in school. If a teacher had slapped me, I would have bitten her! I guess I was a bold, bad child, but it was exciting. When I went to the Dominican College later on, I did not have beaux as the other girls did. There was one lad who followed me around for the two years. He told me at last that he had never once dared to speak to me because I looked as though I would bite his head off if he did. I always said 'yes' and 'no,' like that, shortly and abruptly.

"But there were two sides to me," said Maureen, "and the other side of me loved moonlight and quietness and music and fairies and no one speaking and beautiful paintings and dark green trees. My mother used to give what she called her Musical Evenings. I loved those more than I ever found a way to say. We children would be put to bed, but I would not sleep. I would creep down the stairs and sit on a prickly mat outside the door, listening to my mother sing, listening to the music they played.

"I am still like that. And I still know what I want, what I like and what I don't like. Black is black for me, and white is white. I never stand on middle ground. I don't like parties and I don't like night clubs. I don't drink and I don't smoke. I like my radio and I like my own fireside. I like one or two close friends, only one or two, and I like to keep them all the time. I don't care what people say about me. I only care what I can say about myself, *to* myself. I don't like pretense. I would not hide the fact that I am married, for instance. If ever I should have children, I would not hide my children. If Hollywood should say to me: 'Do not say this, it will kill your glamour,' I would announce to my fans: *'Write and let me know.'* I do not like to fool with the truth."

Maureen thought, always, in terms of the theatre, the stage, the Shakespearean stage, if you please. She did think, she says, that she would "end up" in pictures. But she did not think she would begin her career in pictures; she did not think that what has happened to her would happen to her for some six years to come. She played theatre ever since she can remember. She helped her younger brothers and sisters to walk and talk before they were really big enough to walk and talk, because she wanted them to appear in the backyard dramas she put on for the spalpeens of the neighborhood.

She had hardly started to school when she was cast in a school playlet. After that, not even a banshee could have screamed her off a stage.

Maureen loves excitement. The word "exciting" occurs and reoccurs as she talks. But not the kind of excitement you can buy . . . the kind of excitement that is in the blood, in stirring dreams.

Her love of the theatre, she says, she inherits from her mother. For Rita Fitz Simons (*"she is the most beautiful woman in the world," her beautiful daughter says, "she is the most beautiful in our family by far and away"*) was an opera singer and Maureen must have inherited some of her sovereign spirit, her plenitude of power from her mother, too, for besides being an opera singer, Maureen's mother managed to win a number of dramatic contests with one hand while raising six lively dramatic youngsters with the other *and* also became a member of the Abbey Players, Ireland's famed national theatre group.

"My mother," explains Maureen, "took charge of the theatrical side of me, you

might say, and my father took care of the sports, the wrestling and boxing and football. I went to private schools when I was very little and then I attended the Dominican College and Burke's famous School of Elocution. I won an associateship at Burke's and also the college Medal of the Year. We have all the medals in Ireland, we O'Haras," laughed our Miss O'Hara, "we always entered the Feisiane, which is the Gaelic word meaning Festival. Everyone enters, in Ireland, the contestants being from the age of one to one hundred. Everybody sings and dances and the O'Haras, all of them, sing and dance, too. And the medals we have, the lot of us!"

So, now it goes swiftly, the life of young Maureen O'Hara. When she was twelve she was taking parts in radio broadcasts originating in Dublin. When she was fourteen she was a member of the Abbey Players. And a member in *very* good standing, it's said. She was seventeen and a half when, at a party following an Abbey Theatre presentation, she met Harry Richman who urged her mother to take her to London for a screen test.

"I thought it was the American blarney," said Maureen, "but when next we went to London, mommie and daddy and I, I made a test for a London producer. It was not a nice test of me. Father said 'No' to that and told us to pack up and we would go home. We were all packed and just ready to catch the boat for Ireland when the phone rang. It was the studio calling again. Mr. Laughton had seen my test, I was told, yes, Mr. *Charles* Laughton, and he believed that my 'possibilities had not been photographed' and would I be so kind as to make another test for him? I made the test and we caught our boat for home and I started on a holiday. It was the Christmas holiday of 1937. I went touring around the country in an old pair of slacks and no shoes. I go barefoot whenever I can because I like the feel of it. I was not thinking much about the test. I didn't care very much. I was not film struck. I had never been a movie fan. I saw just about three pictures a year. They were Laughton pictures and Laurel and Hardys. The day after I started on my holiday I had the wire from Mr. Laughton. He asked me to return to London. He offered me a seven year contract!

"I went back to London and we signed the contract. No, I was not nervous when I met him. I have never been nervous in my life, not of anyone or anything have I ever been nervous. I do not have any nerves, I suppose. And so I do not have any fears. I did not get the swollen head, either, because so great an actor had sent for me. You can't get a swollen head when you are brought up in a family of six. I just talked with Mr. Laughton about plays and the Abbey and paintings and books, and the contract was signed."

It was not until January of 1938, however, that Maureen started to work in *Jamaica Inn*, playing the part of *Mary Yellan*, as you doubtless know, and more than confirming Mr. Laughton's snap-the-whip judgment. During the months between the signing of the contract and the beginning of *Jamaica Inn*, Maureen studied dancing and diction and voice, read

(*Continued on Page 82*)



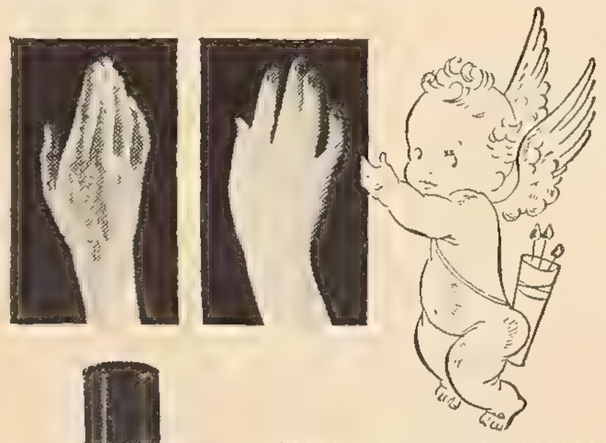
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Will Norma Marry George?

[Continued from page 39]

really cared, and plenty, whether he came back or not.

It had been announced in the columns in the evening papers that Claudette Colbert and George Raft were both leaving (*but not together, oh my no*) for New York that evening, and the station was filled with photographers. But so secretive was Norma's "goodbye" to George that not one of the flash-light boys caught a picture of them together. They didn't even know Norma was there! Well, I must admit I had been a bit wary before, but after that I had a feeling that this romance was strictly on the level. Neither of them wanted it publicized. And when movie stars don't want their romances publicized that means it's the real McCoy. And besides—a star doesn't put herself out to drive all that weary distance from Santa Monica to Pasadena, and back, just to see a casual friend depart on the Chief.

If you ask me, and no one has, I think that Norma and George are sincerely in love with each other. And I think that when George arranges a settlement with his wife, from whom he was separated long before he even became a success in Hollywood, Norma and he will marry.

A loud chorus of "no, Norma would never do *that,*" from tradition-loving Hollywood.

But I say to hell with tradition!

I have known Norma for a long time. Not intimately. But I know her rather well. I have never discussed it with her, but I have gotten the idea these last few years that she is awfully bored with being "the first lady of the screen" *and* "the first lady of Hollywood." Really now, can you think of anything more dreary? Those titles put Norma in the same unenviable spot as a "first lady of the land." Poor Mrs. Roosevelt gets criticized plenty because she doesn't live up to the tradition of being a first lady. And so will poor Miss Shearer, when she actually kicks over the traces.

Perhaps, some years ago when she was an up and coming movie star, when she married the late Irving Thalberg, whose genius as a producer has never been equalled, perhaps Norma then did get a great kick out of being "the first lady." She had had a hard struggle in New York. She knew all about cooking coffee over a gas jet and trying to get snatches of sleep between the roar of elevated trains. She knew the agony of hoping, hoping, *hoping* that the next agency wold have a job for her. There had been rebuffs, lots of them.

Norma had played the game the hard way, and won, the more credit to her. So, naturally, she enjoyed all the more the honor, the encomium, the glory, the deference paid a "first lady." Not to mention the hand-kissing, the boot-licking, and the bowing and scraping. It was fun, for awhile. But queens get bored with being queens, and Norma got bored with being the "first lady." And if you only knew the stuffed shirts she had to put up with you certainly wouldn't blame her very much.

It was four years ago, I believe, that Norma popped a question at me one day that led me to believe that she was rather fed up with this "first lady" business. "Why is it," she asked me, and petulantly too, "why is it that you, other writers, the people at the studio, all call me Miss Shearer? You call Joan Crawford Joanie, you call Myrna Loy Myrna, you call Rosalind Russell Roz, but me—I'm always Miss Shearer. You'd think I was a million years old. Everybody on my set, even the script boy, calls me Miss Shearer. I don't understand it." I explained to her that as the first lady of the screen, *and* the wife of the Boss, she didn't stand much chance of being called by her first name, much less a nickname—at least to her face.

Norma is a very friendly person. She likes to have people like her. She is very sensitive, and when she finds a person who is in awe of her she immediately assumes that the person doesn't like her, and worries about it. Respect is a fine thing, but I think Norma would throw it over in a minute in exchange for a good batch of comraderie.

When she isn't busy being a "first lady," and believe me, she is less and less busy being a "first lady," Norma is one of the most gloriously down-to-earth people you'll ever meet. And a hell of a lot of fun. She likes to giggle, she likes to stand on her head, she likes to say silly speeches with silly gestures, and *talk about* doing mad, crazy things—which, of course, she never does. "I would like to go," she says wistfully, when she sees a group of people starting off for a madcap evening, *not* at the best places, "but I guess I better not." Toujours the lady. (*However, Mr. Raft is changing* that. *While in New York, Norma went to Coney Island with George, ate hot dogs with mustard, and big drippy ice cream cones. She even went for a ride with him in the Old Mill. Un-uh.*)

The Shearer-Raft romance, which has had Hollywood so a-gog, started in New York last summer when Norma was on her way to Europe with the Boyers. Norma and George had met in Hollywood, "casually," as Norma expresses it. In New York George phoned Charles Boyer, a friend of his, and asked what he was doing that night. "I'm going over to the Fair with my wife and Norma Shearer," said Boyer cordially, "want to come along?"

"Sure," said George. The Fair wasn't hard to take. Neither was Norma. In fact, so intrigued was George that when Norma and the Boyers sailed for France George was right there on the same boat. When Norma returned to Hollywood last Fall, George sent roses, and called her up. Ever since they've been dining together, dancing together, and seeing pictures together. Norma likes to get out all the old pictures George made years ago and run them in her private projection room.

George is really a swell guy. He has more real friends in Hollywood than any other actor. Every employee at the



Edna Best introduces Baby Bobby Quillan to Snow White, one of the doves in "Swiss Family Robinson."

studios where George has worked can tell you something grand that George did for them, or for some one who needed help. The fact that he still speaks Broadwayese, still knows the same mob, and is still passionately interested in baseball and prizefights, despite his being a top-flight screen star, is all to his credit. There is nothing phony about George. He is truly a gentleman. Norma couldn't do better.

Yes, those two ought to hit it off right well.

Mother Knew Best!

[Continued from page 45]

venture proved to be the real basis of Mary's amazing "over night" success. Having completed months of study, our heroine felt she didn't have the voice to sing "the good stuff good," as she puts it. And so when she got her opportunity to appear at the Trocadero for one evening, she gave 'em opera—via the swing alley!

"I'll never forget that Sunday night as long as I live," breathed Mary. For a little of the old thrill is reborn each time she recalls that memorable experience. "I'd prepared two encores, since I only had a five minute spot. Well, I didn't get off for forty-five! I'd exhausted everything, including myself. You see, it was one of those Sunday nights when everybody that was anybody in the movie industry was present.

"When I finally came off, one of the waiters handed me a note from Larry Schwab, a Broadway producer, inviting me over to his table." Mary paused to catch her breath and remark on that 'bit of the ole South' that seemed to creep out in her speech when she least expected. "After powdering my nose I started out and ran into the manager. He asked me how I'd like to sing there regularly. I was so dumbfounded I said, 'Gosh, yes' before he could bat an eye.

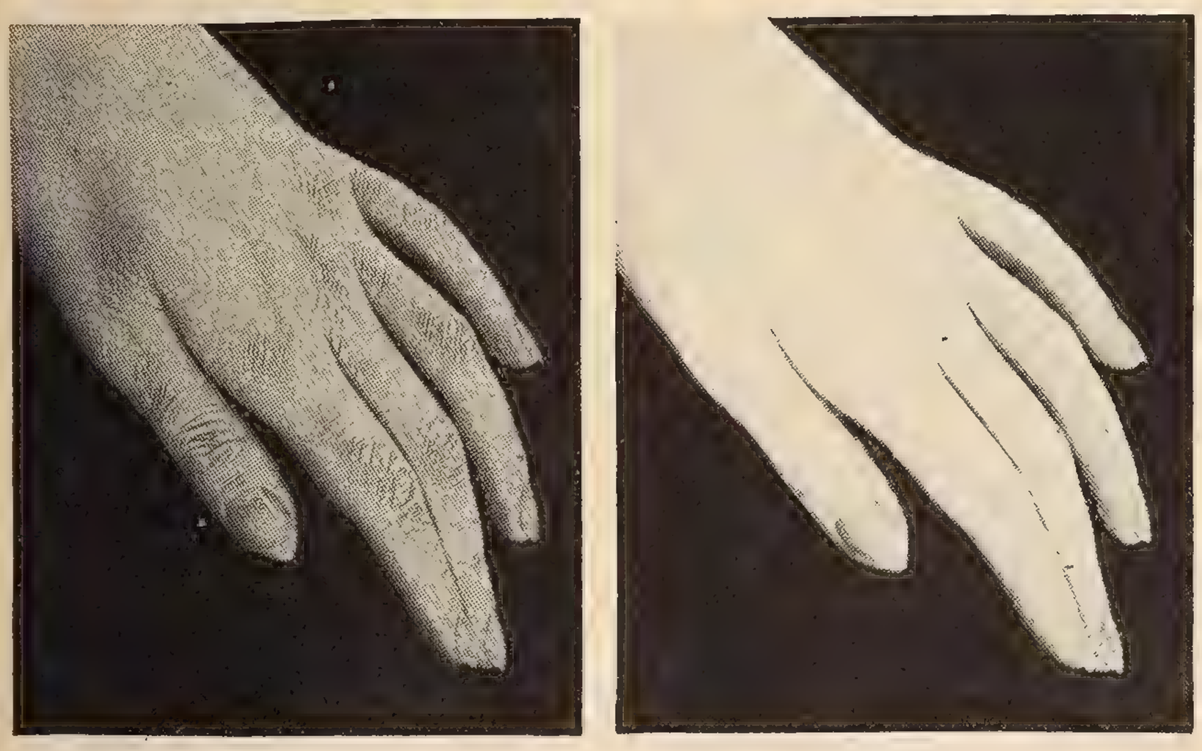
"Then when I talked to Mr. Schwab he offered me a contract. I signed so fast he couldn't change his mind, then agreed to report in New York as soon as I'd finished up at the Troc. That was my night of nights and even now seems hard to believe. But, I finished up and headed for New York, racing across the country during the hottest summer I've ever known."

Lighting a cigarette, Mary inhaled deeply and thoughtfully blew the smoke out as she told of her first disappointment on Broadway. "As soon as I checked into a hotel and freshened up I went around to my producer's offices. Imagine my surprise when no one there had ever heard of me. They coolly informed me he was away and not expected back for a *couple of weeks*. I was panicked and the secretary took pity on me and listened to my tale of woe. It developed she remembered writing me in California. Further, that it was to notify me the show was indefinitely postponed. I'd missed the letter by a day and had come all the way thinking I'd go right into rehearsal.

"It only took a few days of this unfamiliar New York to put me on the phone. I wanted to go right home, but Mother said, 'No, Mary, you stay right there on the ground. Don't leave now after you've gone that far. Something is bound to happen and you'll never land it unless you're there.'

"As it happened, Mother certainly

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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knew best," Mary admitted with a warm smile. "For it wasn't long before I got a chance in my first Broadway show. Mr. Schwab called and said he'd arranged for me to audition. I went up to the address given me, not knowing why or for whom I would sing. Once there I introduced myself and told the man that if I was to sing at all he'd have to let me do four numbers without stopping me. If he wouldn't agree, I wouldn't audition. I knew if he stopped me after my first I wouldn't get the job. He finally agreed and I began.

"After it was all over he introduced himself and I nearly passed out. He was Cole Porter! He gave me 'My heart Belongs To Daddy' in 'Leave It To Me' and that song made the show and me at one and the same time. It was a lucky break, for I think it would have been equally good for any number of girls who could do it. I was just very fortunate to get it."

Since then things have been happening so fast that Mary can hardly believe her name is Martin. In fact, she often reads what she has done, or is to do, long before she knows it herself. The one thing she did hear first about herself, however, was her movie deal. She had, in fact, affixed her "John Hancock" before a soul was told.

Crushing her cigarette in a nearby ash tray, Mary turned to us and said, "During the run of the show almost every movie company offered me a contract. Yes, those same ones that had turned me down before. I finally signed with Paramount and went out for 'The Great Victor Herbert.' The contract pleased Mother and, if it suits her, it's good enough for me. Because I found out early in life that Mother knows best.

"I'm to do 'Kiss The Boys Goodbye' next. Mother claims it's a natural for me, so it must be. What do *you* think?"

Untold Blunders of Hollywood Stars!

[Continued from page 60]

with Ray at Joan Crawford's exclusive Sunday night suppers, and everywhere else he goes. He knows he has a jewel. And well he may.

For half-a-dozen years ago Ray was walloped by the depression. They fired mediocre actors right and left, including him. He had always lived high, wide, and handsome. He'd spent money as fast as it reached him. Women had thrown themselves at him. He couldn't take the harsh blow when his good luck ran out. After glamorous days, what was there left to be pleasant about? He was so morose that finally he quarreled once too often with the patient girl who was willing to stick by him no matter what he faced. They separated, permanently.

Ray returned to England and, broke, discouraged, and miserable, he gradually was forced to take stock of himself. He realized he wasn't fit for films. He'd only had looks and charm to offer. He began to read aloud. He ordinarily spoke so fast his words jumbled. As his speaking voice improved he began to regain self-confidence.

He managed to get back to America. He hung around the studios, ate at a Sunset Boulevard drugstore because the owner gave him credit. He was on the verge of signing up for a service station job when the break came and he was wanted for pictures again. So, then? So then he courted his wife all over; he hadn't called or written her while he was going through his regeneration. She couldn't help falling in love with him a second time when she saw him and understood he'd struggled to express his potentialities. Only he could have had her with him all through those two dark years if he'd not been a grown-up, spoiled boy.

Joan Blondell has a way of carelessly planning to do more than she possibly can do well, and it means one more session of grief each ti e she lets herself go in this silly fashion. She is vivacious, but she'll promise to be present before she counts up her duties and, a coward about begging off, she'll go through with it even though she is dead tired. She hates to be a wet blanket, so she'll perk up valiantly; but when the rest of the party is being very gay Joan is frequently mechanical in her contribution to the fun. She's wishing she hadn't been such an idiot as to accept; she's longing for the quiet of her luxurious bedroom at home.

"What's more," she told me, when everyone else was attempting a hearty rhumba, "I ought to know better, because I kicked myself around a block for this stupid trait that time I almost got to Hollywood sooner." Joan yawned, though the evening was young and she was beautifully gowned for this star ball where I assumed she'd be the merriest of all. "I was rehearsing for a vaudeville act in New York. I was also aiming to get out here. A friend asked me to a party. 'An important producer might come,' I was assured, so I couldn't pass that up. But it simply doesn't pay to try to make an impression unless you feel like a million. I was dead tired from rehearsals when I went that night, so I was not at my best. He didn't show up, so I curled up in a corner and went to sleep. When I awoke I discovered he'd dropped in while I was snoozing, and departed, too. So more vaudeville, and more plays, and more marking time just because I tried too much all at once."

There is many a mistake in a movie star's memory. Irene Dunne doesn't address a hairdresser—sometimes—as she does the people she wants to bedazzle. But even hairdressers are human and would rather not be reprimanded so it's obvious for some distance around. Margaret Lindsay treated studio employees as Emily Post suggests, and it was a serious blunder. They're conditioned to being hailed as either dear or darling, or cussed at. So Margaret received scant praise from the behind-the-scenes gang; they concluded she was ritzing them when she was merely courteous. Now she's turned chummy, and she hopes it isn't too late! Considering the "breaks" she's been getting recently, we're sure it isn't.

Reviews

[Continued from page 49]

BALALAIKA

RUSSIAN OPERETTA—*M-G-M*

CLAP hands, here's a new Glamour Girl, and we can always use a new Glamour Girl on the screen. After a false start, the beautiful and blonde and very, very alluring (*which is a pretty word for sexy*) Ilona Massey gets into her stride in this picture—and the Viennese girl becomes a star overnight. And all the Nelson Eddy fans can cheer lustily because Metro certainly does right by Nelson this time. He has a regular he-man role and gives it everything. The story's on the operetta order and is all about the Old Russia in the days of the Czars, the War of 1914, and the Revolution. Nelson is a Czarist Prince who masquerades as a young voice student in his effort to win the love of a cafe singer, Ilona Massey, whose father and brother are leaders in the Revolution. Charlie Ruggles, Nelson's former orderly, opens the Balalaika restaurant in Paris and here you have the pleasure of seeing a Russian New Year's. Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, Dalies Frantz, and Joyce Compton stand out in well written parts. Above all, the picture is rich in music and you will be treated to such delights as, "The Volga Boatman," "Scheherazade," "Dark Eyes" and "Silent Night." Fine entertainment, this.

RAFFLES

THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN RETURNS—*United Artists*

THAT suave, fascinating and utterly captivating gentleman-crook, known as Raffles, is with us again. David Niven falls heir to the role of Raffles, once sacred to the memory of Ronald Colman, and fits it to a T. When David meets the beautiful (*and how beautiful she is*) Olivia de Havilland he decides to give up his side line of robbing the rich to give to the poor and become a respectable young man. But Olivia's brother gets into trouble and to help him David goes after the magnificent rubies of Lady Melrose. Scotland Yard is called in and from then on it is a battle of wits between our most charming gentleman crook and the police. The ending comes as quite a surprise—does the Amateur Cracksman return at seven or does he make his escape? Figure it out for yourself. Excellent in the cast of this fine production are Dame May Whitty, Dudley Digges, E. E. Clive, and Lionel Pape.

CHARLIE McCARTHY, DETECTIVE

PLENTY OF FUN—*Universal*

HERE'S your favorite radio entertainer, Charlie McCarthy, turned detective. Charlie and Edgar are entertainers in the Club Gardenia, and, returning to their dressing-room one night, find themselves with a dead man, who isn't dead. They call in their pal, Robert Cummings, a newspaper columnist, and together they revive the dead man, and find out from him that there's a lot of dirty work going on. At a garden party where Edgar and Charlie and Mortimer Snerd are entertaining, Louis Calhern, a powerful publisher, is murdered, and Charlie just can't hold out any longer. Much to the annoyance of Detective Edgar Kennedy, Charlie starts an unofficial investigation all his own. Plenty of excitement, and plenty of laughs. Detective McCarthy is hot stuff.

SWANEE RIVER

LIFE OF STEPHEN FOSTER—*20th Century-Fox*

HERE'S a grand blending of story and song that is bound to please both the ear and eye. The story is about the life of Stephen Foster, one of our greatest early American composers, whose songs today are known and loved by everyone. His songs make up a large part of the picture, and you'll be completely charmed by hearing once again such favorites as "Oh, Susannah," "Old Kentucky Home," "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," and "Old Black Joe." Don Ameche plays Stephen Foster, Al Jolson plays the minstrel man who sings many of his songs, and Andrea Leeds plays his loving wife who is forced to leave him when, flushed with success, he takes to rum. This starts him down the ladder. When he is just about down and out his wife returns to him and gives him inspiration for his last big song, "Swanee River." You'll thoroughly enjoy the quiet simplicity and beautiful music of this picture.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

COLMAN AT HIS BEST—*Paramount*

AWFULLY, awfully British this one, with almost an entire all-Briton cast. But if you liked Rudyard Kipling's somber story of the Sudan and a young war painter who gradually went blind you're bound to like the screen version—it has all the mood, atmosphere, and flavor of the original. Ronald Colman plays the young artist who, after a campaign in the Sudan, where he received a sabre wound from a Fuzzy Wuzzy, returns to London and is acclaimed as a great artist. When he realizes he is facing blindness he is inspired to do a great work, a Melancholia, which is destroyed, the day he goes blind, by his street-walker model in a fit of fury. Completely blind he manages to return to the Sudan and ride to his death in a cavalry charge. Colman gives a grand performance as the artist, but has to share acting honors with Ida Lupino's "Bessie," about the most horrible little tramp that has come our way since Bette Davis's "Mildred." Muriel Angelus plays his selfishly ambitious girl friend, and Walter Huston and Dudley Digges are his faithful friends. Serious it was when Kipling wrote it, and serious it still is.

JUDGE HARDY AND SON

THE FORMULA IS CHANGING—*M-G-M*

SOMEBODY, and somebody ought to be spanked, has seen fit to mix a lot of pathos in with the laughter in this newest of the Judge Hardy series. It's so much fun to laugh at Andy Hardy and the Judge's delightful family—why make

[*Continued on page 82*]



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The Girl Who Looked Like a Star

[Continued from page 47]

"No, I won't go home," she said. "Maybe you're right and maybe you aren't. Things don't always have to go by rule. I'm going to make a success, just wait and see. And besides," she faltered then for the first time, "I haven't the money to go back . . . yet."

She made me feel the way I do when I see a stray kitten or a homeless dog, as if I had to take her right home with me and look after her. I had to give myself the mental talk I always do, that if I adopted every stray that came my way I'd soon have to be looking for someone to adopt me. And I'm afraid girls without funds trying to buck Hollywood are just as numerous. I tried to be hard-boiled but in spite of myself the impulsive words popped out of my mouth.

"You'd better come along and stay with me until you find something to do."

That was when I began really to know Glenda.

"I didn't know anyone could be so generous," she said, "but of course I can't do that. I've got to stand on my own feet. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

And the way she looked when she said it made me know that she was going to be all right. Right then and there I saw that Glenda really was the things she looked, honest and brave and tender, just as Lyda who looked those things too, wasn't any of them.

When I first met Lyda I was completely taken in by her looks. Her face is such a brave face, such a true one. But there's nothing true or really brave about Lyda. Oh, she can stand up to things all right if she has something to gain by doing it. But I don't call that brave. Not in the way I could see Glenda was.

You've seen Lyda's eyes in Technicolor, such a misty, tender blue they look like violets with the dew still on them. But there's nothing tender about Lyda. There's a hard streak in her that stops at nothing. She'd sacrifice anyone to get the slightest advantage for herself.

Her mouth, full and sweet and generous is the mouth of a girl warm and impulsive, a giving mouth, not a taking mouth at all. But I'd seen Lyda look at someone with her eyes half closed, and her mouth tender and yielding when she was being the most ruthless, and so I'd come to know that the lovely promise of her face meant nothing.

Now Glenda was making that promise come true. The more I saw of that girl the better I liked her. She didn't ask for help or for pity either. I'd see her after a hard day looking for work and she'd be as happy and laughing as if she just landed a big contract for herself.

"And they say Hollywood is full of 'yes men,'" she giggled. "I'd love to meet them. All I hear is 'no.'"

In the end, of course, she went the way of so many hopeful youngsters, who find their dreams of success in the movies are far from the reality of frustration and disappointment, and got herself a job in one of the department stores in downtown Los Angeles. She was still laughing, still gay, but underneath was the ache of her failure.

Lyda had just finished a picture and I invited Glenda to the preview. She got a terrific kick out of a couple of fans who rushed at her with their autograph books as we pushed our way into the crowded lobby, but just as she was trying to explain that she wasn't Lyda a cry went up from the crowd around the entrance.

There stood the real Lyda. She was wearing the first silver fox evening wrap to make its bow in Hollywood and there was a king's ransom in jewels encircling her lovely throat and slender wrists. She was so lovely standing there with her warm smile and her eyes shining as if little candles had been lighted behind them, that she made even me, who knew her, believe that she meant it when she spread out her arms in that impulsive, eager way, as if she were taking all of us to her heart.

"Isn't she wonderful," Glenda's voice sounded awed and it was uncanny looking at the girl beside me and seeing that same lovely face in replica. It was like looking into a trick mirror that had bewitched a silver fox wrap into a cheap little sports coat and a circlet of jeweled flowers into a shabby hat, leaving only the wonder of that face untouched.

"Gee you look like her," one of the fans whispered. "I thought you were her in disguise."

Even the way this fan looked at Glenda, as if she couldn't understand how she could have been so fooled, even the unconscious cruelty of her words couldn't down Glenda's excitement. There was the usual crowd of Hollywood celebrities but she had eyes for no one but Lyda. She tensed as the picture started and Lyda made her first appearance.

You probably all saw the scene that followed; maybe you remember it. It's the one in which the popular leading man I'm going to call Jack Kildrane, though that isn't his real name or his screen one, played opposite Lyda in that devastating love scene that upset all the Hollywood rules by coming at the beginning of the picture instead of the end. The critics raved over that scene and it was the first time most of the film colony knew that Lyda had grabbed off a new love interest for herself.

For only a man really in love could look at a woman as Jack was looking at Lyda. Only a man at once tortured and exulting in his love could put so much feeling in the way he held her small pointed face in his hand, in the way his mouth found first her forehead, then her eyelids and her mouth.

The little rushing murmur that always sweeps through an audience when it is genuinely stirred rippled through the theatre. I turned towards Glenda and then I was sorry I did for it was almost like reading someone's diary, seeing her face so innocent of all guile showing the thing that was happening to her. Of course I didn't really know it until afterwards, a long time afterwards, when Glenda sobbed

out her heart to me, but I sensed it then. Glenda was falling in love as only a girl like Glenda can with no thought of herself or the hurt that could come.

I felt I had to warn her. She was so vulnerable, so defenseless. Girls like that are always at such a disadvantage when their emotions are involved. But it was one of the hardest things I ever did.

"Jack Kildrane is madly in love with Lyda," I whispered. "She told me all about it the other day when I interviewed her."

"Oh." She tried to smile. "He's grand enough even for her, isn't he?"

I thought of Glenda a few days afterwards when I sat in Lyda's dressing room listening to her harangue against her stand-in who was leaving to marry a man in her home town.

Of course it was the perfect opportunity for Glenda but I hesitated, remembering her eyes when she had looked at Jack Kildrane. I've always had a horror of playing God. Usually it turns out that what you're really doing is playing the devil. I've seen so many lives hopelessly tangled through mistaken kindness. But in the end I could only think of Glenda wearing out her youth behind a counter and dreaming her impossible dreams and I felt I had to give her the one chance she could possibly get in Hollywood.

So the next morning Glenda came along with me to the studio and everybody gasped as they looked at her. And for once Lyda wasn't able to mask her emotions. I could see she hated Glenda for daring to look like her. Yet there wasn't a thing she could do but agree with everyone else that Glenda was her perfect stand-in.

I'd never thought much about what a stand-in must feel before. But now I saw how heartbreaking it could be for a girl with ambitions of her own to spend those long tedious minutes on the set while cameras are focused, lights experimented with, make-up checked on. Just to stand, maybe to walk a little under the cruel heat of the high-powered lamps and then to have to step aside while the star walked into her scene.

Now that the stand-in was Glenda I noticed things I never had before. Her intentness as she watched Lyda's every move, the way her head would lift or droop in exact rhythm to Lyda's every motion and how her lips silently repeated the words Lyda would be heard speaking.

And I noticed the difference, too, when it was a love scene she was watching. Glenda tensed every time Jack took Lyda in his arms. At first her eyes held a hushed rapture as if it were her mouth Jack was kissing. But afterwards that changed and there was only the hurt of her denied longing.

That was after she had begun to suspect what everyone else there knew, that love to Lyda meant only conquest and that it wasn't her heart reaching out to Jack's love but her vanity. And Lyda's vanity was insatiable.

She was playing a game with Jack and it was as if she couldn't think of enough spiteful little ways to humiliate him and show the others how abject he was in his love for her. She made him run errands for her and hold her make-up box while she lingered over the sacred ritual of touching up that lovely face.

But these weren't the things that really mattered. A man in love doesn't stop to think he might be making a fool of himself. Even though they made the rest of us furious, I don't think Jack himself gave a thought to them. The thing that hurt him was the way she had of looking at every man on the set from the director down to the casual visitor and promising them things with her eyes while Jack watched her with that stricken look in his eyes.

One day she went further than she ever had before. A banker had come from New York on one of those visits most studios dread when expenses and loans and box-office returns are relegated to cold facts, and Lyda, knowing how powerful he was, had set herself to the pleasant task of beguiling him.

There had been whispers of them being seen everywhere together and Jack showed his unhappiness. But only Lyda could have staged that little scene in the studio when she rushed up to the banker one day and kissed him in front of everyone. Of course kisses are more or less casual in Hollywood just as the word darling is when it is said to everyone from the prop boy up to the studio head. But there wasn't anything casual in Lyda's kiss and there wasn't anything casual in the way she said darling, either. She meant them as much as Lyda can mean anything.

Something happened to Jack then. An expression, almost of disgust, came into his eyes. I think for the first time he was getting a hold on himself and it seemed to me that the end of his love for Lyda was almost accomplished now that he had actually come to the place where he no longer wanted to love her. He left the stage and so, naturally, he didn't see Glenda's eyes fill with tears.

She wasn't needed on the set just then and I saw her leave, stumbling a little as if she wasn't quite sure where she was going, and I started to go after her. Then I stopped for I saw her crying in a corner behind a pile of dismantled props and Jack was coming towards her.

Afterwards Glenda told me she thought Jack knew who she was, and that it wasn't until after he had kissed her and whispered Lyda's name that she knew it was a mistake—it wasn't her he was kissing after all.

Even knowing it she couldn't break away from him. It was enough in that moment to be held in his arms, to feel his lips on hers, even though she knew that it was Lyda he was really holding in his arms, that it was her lips he thought he was kissing.

"Lyda," he said and he kept whispering the name over and over again so that it became a litany on his lips. And then he said: "Why aren't you always sweet like this. You've given me peace, darling."

It was a story for any writer's hand, that scene. I thought of the story it would make and how I could write it using Glenda's mingled emotions of rapture and despair to point that poignant scene. But how could I take Glenda's generous heart and shame her before herself and the man she loved.

So I didn't write the story and I didn't say anything the day Jack talked to me

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either. He was tight or he wouldn't have said the things he did. He isn't the sort of man to wear his heart on his sleeve.

It happened a day or so after the picture was finished. I saw him at the Trocadero sitting by himself at a corner table. I knew what had happened that morning. All Hollywood was buzzing with the story that the banker and Lyda had taken the same plane for New York and she was wearing a new bracelet and a corsage so huge it dazzled even the press agent who had hurried to the airport in an effort to stop her.

I went over to Jack. I couldn't stop myself. He looked so bitter and alone.

"Listen," I said, sounding more hard-boiled than I felt. "No woman is worth all this and certainly Lyda isn't. Don't you know she isn't real? She's a delusion, a lovely, exciting dream, but that's all."

"You don't know Lyda," he said. "No one understands her, not even I." He hesitated a moment before he spoke again. He sounded as if he couldn't keep it to himself any longer, as if he had to talk about it to someone. "You know I almost hated her once and I thought those things about her, too. In those few minutes it was as if I was free again. You don't know what it meant to me to belong to myself again, being able to reason, to see things clearly. You probably won't understand, but it was just a few minutes after that I found the real Lyda. You can't imagine what she was like then. Not exciting at all, just tender and so sweet she would spoil a man for any other woman. I never knew there could be such peace in love. It wasn't words you know. She didn't say a thing. It was something so much deeper so much truer than words could ever be."

Even then I held my tongue which is unruly enough at best. But I couldn't say anything. I couldn't tell him how it really had been.

But life has a way of writing its own endings. It was a few days afterwards that Glenda got a rush call from the studio. The director was dissatisfied with the shot of the last scene and since they couldn't reach Lyda they had decided to try Glenda in her place.

I made an excuse to be in the studio that day; for I didn't know what might happen and I wanted to be there if Glenda needed me.

Jack looked shaken when he came on the set. Afterwards I heard how they had worked to sober him up, of the quarts of black coffee they made him drink and the gruelling hour he had spent in the gymnasium with a trainer and a masseur pounding him back to soberness again. But even at that he still looked pretty shaky as he started to rehearse the scene with Glenda.

I don't think he realized what was happening the first time he kissed her, only he relaxed a bit and his eyes lost some of their bitterness. Then as they rehearsed the scene again, his arms holding Glenda tightened and he said something that wasn't in the script at all.

"So it was you," he whispered.

You probably think Jack was swept off his feet again. But he wasn't. He had been hurt too deeply to believe in a woman so easily again. It took weeks for him even to make Glenda his friend and it was a long time before he spoke of love to her.

The day they flew to Yuma everyone thought he was marrying her because he was till carrying the torch for Lyda and he was putting this girl, who looked so much like her, in her place. But no one thinks that to-day. You couldn't see those two together as I saw them to-night at the Victor Hugo, with four happy years of marriage behind them, and not know the truth.

Jack had fallen in love with a woman's face once, but this time he had fallen in love with the woman herself.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

what I call a swell title.

My friend, John Garfield, refused to do this picture, but I hope it was because of his part rather than because of the script. It should make a grand comedy.

The scene is laid in a brownstone house which was furnished in Victorian splendor about 1860. Today, in 1940, nothing has been changed—except the ownership. When rich Miss Minerva Randolph died a spinster, she left the house intact to acidulous Maggie Ryan (*Una O'Connor*), the family cook, and plump Mrs. Taylor (*Jessie Busley*), an incurable romanticist, once Miss Minnie's maid. Una has a daughter (*Anne Sheridan*), Mrs. Taylor a son (*Jeffrey Lynn*).

Anne is a singer and dancer who knows her way about. She has just returned home once more—without a job. Una is soaking her feet in a tub of hot water when Anne comes in.

"A fine way to come home," Una sniffs, "jolting all the neighbors out of their beds."

"They'd have been a darn sight more jolted if I'd lost my argument with Mr. Myers on the front stoop," Anne retorts.

"Shut up!" Una snaps. "Sometimes I'm almost glad poor Miss Minnie, God rest her soul, is dead. At least, it saves me the shame of having her know my own girl's grown up to be a hussy."

"I am not!" Anne comes back, vigorously brushing her hair. "I'm a good girl."

"You're not!" Una explodes. "You don't act like a good girl, you don't talk like a good girl and you don't dress like a good girl.

Anne flings the brush down and turns on her mother. "Listen, Ma! I act the way I please, I talk the way I please and I dress the way I please and you can't stop me. But, technically, I'm a good girl."

"I don't believe it!" Miss O'Connor announces flatly.

"Holy rolling zippers!" Anne shrieks, throwing herself on the bed. "My own mother! Of all the people in the world, my own mother is the only one who doesn't believe it!"

(Well, Anne, the others have probably learned to believe it from bitter experience.)

There's more to the scene than this but lack of space prevents my giving you all of it—but there are some good laughs, believe me. Let's hope for equally good luck at—

R-K-O

GINGER Rogers has just started in "The Primrose Path," so we'll let that one go until next month. We still have "Vigil in the Night" on which Carole Lombard has been toiling for lo these many moons.

"The Mook!" she screeches, catching sight of me. Carole's repression is all for her acting, not for her private life, and I flush a lobster red as everyone on the set turns to stare at me. But she gives me a big hug for I haven't seen her in a long time and I turn even redder—this time with pleasure.

Almost at the end of the picture, they're filming one of the first scenes. Carole is a graduate nurse in an English hospital. She is nursing a small boy with a severe case of diptheria. Weary after a twelve hour vigil, she greets the arrival of her younger sister Lucy (*Anne Shirley*), a student nurse who is soon to receive her diploma. Anne's heart isn't in her nursing and, thinking the boy is getting along all right, she slips out to the kitchen for a bite. During her absence the boy chokes and dies. Returning, she is horrified and runs after Carole. Carole immediately tries artificial respiration, but it's no use.

"More camphor," Carole orders, "one C. C." Anne doesn't move. "More camphor," Carole snaps.

Anne jumps to her feet, hurries to a medicine cabinet and fills a hypodermic needle which she takes to Carole. Carole gives the boy the hypo and then continues with the artificial respiration. Anne slowly backs towards the other cot, still watching Lombard. Carole, realizing the boy is gone, places his hands on the bed, then slowly backs towards a chair.

There are no two finer actresses on the screen than these two and I wish I could put across on cold paper the drama they pack into this scene. When it's over I don't feel much in the mood for the banter I usually enjoy with Carole.

As I prepare to leave she says, "I'm almost through with this picture. Call me next week and we'll have lunch together." I nod and move on to the next set where—

* * *

"SWISS Family Robinson" is working. While there are no really big stars in this picture there are a lot of well-known players and everyone of them a fine actor—Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best (*Mrs. Herbert Marshall*), Freddie Bartholomew, young Tim Holt, Bobbie Quillan (*the two-year-old nephew of Eddie Quillan*), John Wray, Fred Kohler and one of the earliest film idols—Herbert Rawlinson. The book is a classic and was adapted by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

The scene they're doing today is not important so there's no use going into it. We'll get on to the next set where—

CHESTER Morris and Richard Dix are working in "The Marines Fly High."

I haven't seen Chester in months, but he's looking fine despite the separation.

"What goes?" I inquire briskly.

"Same old thing," he responds amiably. "First Dix and I were marines, then sailors, then soldiers. Now we're back to the marines again. Only this time, to give the plot a different twist, I get the girl."

The girl is Lucille Ball. I have said repeatedly that Lucille is one of the real wits of Cinemania. Now, I add, she is also one of its really good actresses. And let no one who heard her on the Bing Crosby broadcast, when she did a girl with a Bronx accent, argue with me. Just now she is baiting Steffi Duna, who is also among those present.

Chester and I sit listening to her in amusement. "What time is it?" he asks me suddenly.

"Ten thirty," I answer.

"Dick, I'm divorced!" he says quietly.

There isn't much I can say. Chester and Sue used to be among my closest friends—two of the few people in Hollywood who really mattered to me. And if ever there were two people who were meant for each other—who were right for each other—it was those two. I've not seen much of them in late years, but I haven't forgotten them. I don't know what caused this divorce—whose fault it was. I only know there *should* have been some way of avoiding it.

"I'll see you later, Chet," I tell him and move over to—

Paramount

IT'S a somber month for me. First the scene Lombard and Anne Shirley put on, then the Morris divorce and now at Paramount the only picture shooting is "The Way of All Flesh"—one of Emil Jannings' greatest successes and the picture that catapulted Ruth Chatterton to screen fame. In that picture also was Barry Norton, the most popular unstarred player of his decade. Now Akim Tamiroff is playing Jannings' role.

It's about a family man who meets a—er—siren and hits the skids, ending up in the gutter. In the beginning, he's a minor executive in a bank. This scene is the beginning of the picture.

Tamiroff is sitting at his desk, signing letters, etc. He reaches for the stamp box which has both stamps and money in it. Rapidly he totals its contents and an expression of horror comes over his face. He looks thoughtful for a moment and then calls "Timothy!"

Timothy is a young office boy, who has been running a duplicating machine and watching Tamiroff out of the corner of his eye. Now he is a picture of abject misery as he comes towards Tamiroff.

"Here is your salary check, Timothy," Akim says gently.

Timothy reaches for it, but Tamiroff holds it, looking down at it. "Five dollars," he muses. "What do you do with this money?"

"I give it to my mother," he explains. "She gives me twenty-five cents a week for spending money."

"Um," Tamiroff reflects. "Not very much, is it? You must sometimes run

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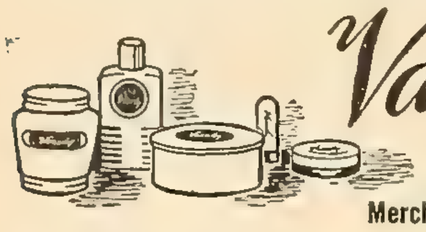


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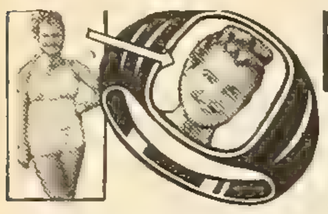
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short. Then what do you do?"

But Timothy stands there, too unhappy to speak, his eyes on Tamiroff's hand and the stamp box. "You borrow it, perhaps?" Akim suggests.

"Yes!" Timothy bursts out, "and I'll pay it back, too!"

"Sit down, Timothy," Tamiroff orders and then, as the boy sits in a chair, he goes on reflectively, "it's a dreadful thing to be a thief."

"A thief!" Timothy shouts. "I said *I'm going to put it back—and, besides, I only took fifty cents."*

"Fifty cents or fifty dollars," Tamiroff broods, "it makes no difference if it is not yours." He pauses. "And it is especially wicked for you, Timothy—because you hold a position of trust." He pauses, again and then, "About thirty years ago a boy ten years old went to work for this bank for only two dollars a week. His parents were very poor and he had to give all his money to his mother. He got no *spending money. And it was a difficult thing to be working in a bank surrounded by money. He used to wonder sometimes if he could just borrow a little to buy some of the things he had seen in the stores. He was tempted to be a thief. But he conquered those temptations—and he went on working at this bank for twenty years—twenty-five years—. The little boy grew up and one day the people in the bank gave him a present." He takes out a watch. "A beautiful gold watch with something written inside the case." He hands the watch to Timothy who reads: "Presented to Paul Kriza in recognition of twenty-five years of faithful service—by the officers of the Linzau National Bank." "Some day," Akim continues, "you may have a watch like this—but not if you take money out of the stamp box."*

"I'll never do it again, Mr. Kriza," Timothy sobs, "honest I won't."

"I'm sure of that, Timothy," Tamiroff agrees. He reaches in his pocket and takes out a fifty cent piece. "Look. I put fifty cents in the stamp box and you pay me five cents a week. And we tell no one."

I am almost as relieved as Timothy when this scene is over. How that man plays it! In the past I have an uneasy feeling I've said he was an uninteresting actor. But no one who sees this scene or who saw him in "Disputed Passage" would think I knew what I was talking about. I don't believe I did. I can only apologize and say "You're swell, Mr. T."

And that, I guess, takes care of Paramount this month. We proceed to—

United Artists

TWO swell pictures shooting here—"The Westerner," starring Gary Cooper, and "My Son! My Son!" with an all-star cast.

The scene on the first named is near the beginning of the picture. In fact, it is Gary's first appearance. He rides into a little town in the western end of Texas. Immediately, he is hauled off his horse and brought before a corrupt little judge (*Walter Brennan*) for trial as a horse-thief.

The scene is too long to give the dialogue, but it is really humorous and was made to order for Gary Cooper.

For instance, when he is brought before the judge, Brennan says, "What's your name? Any name will do because you won't be here long anyhow."

"Is it all right if I use my own name?" Gary inquires.

He knows he's a cinch to be convicted so when the jury goes out he pulls a gold dollar from his pocket and tells the judge (who is also the saloon owner and barkeeper) *to buy the jury a drink. Then he inquires if there is any rule against the prisoner having one, too. "Nope," opines Judge Brennan, "we don't aim to inflict no cruel or inhuman treatment on our prisoners.—not even when they're cattle thieves."*

He sets a bottle before Gary and immediately the little that spills burns a hole in the bar. But Gary drinks it as though it were nectar. "What do you call this?" he queries mildly.

"Rub o' the brush," Brennan tells him. It should have been called "Rubbed off *the brush"—the shellac brush.*

Gary and the rest of the troop have just got back from a long location trip, and they're all tired. But Gary, who is sociable if not talkative, and who is one of the most courteous and cordial people I have ever met, comes over and tells me all about the trip. And when Gary talks when he could be sleeping (*between shots*) —well, the accolade has been bestowed.

* * *

AFTER such a compliment, as I meander along towards the other set, I wonder if I should speak to common people. But when I get to the set of "My Son! My Son!" (*an Edward Small production*) and see Louis Hayward and Henry Hull I decide I must try to keep my head and not let recent attentions affect old friendships.

The scene they're doing is at Waterloo Station during the World War. Louis is Brian Aherne's son and he (*Louis*) is by way of being a thorough-going heel. He is the light of Aherne's life, but he has quit speaking to him. Madeleine Carroll, realizing she is the unwitting cause of the breach between the two, has phoned Aherne to go to the station if he wants to see Louis off. But when Brian gets there the gates are closed and he can't get through. However, he sees Hull (*his life-long friend*) with Louis and Hull's son. He calls Hull and tells him to tell Louis to come to the gate. But when he sees Hull dejectedly returning without Louis he knows what's up.

"He won't see me," he surmises.

"It was like running a knife through me to have him tell me he had nothing to say to you," Hull chokes up.

There is a moment's silence during which Hull looks at Aherne miserably and then the station master blows his whistle. Brian pulls himself together. "Go back, Dermot. Go say goodbye to your *boy. Tell him—to—to take care of Oliver for me."*

And Hull turns sadly away not trusting himself to speak.

This was one of the most powerful novels of the year and I have a hunch the picture is going to be just as gripping—

just as heart-wrenching.

"Hey, you lug," says the British Louie, lapsing into our best American slang, "why don't you ever come up to see us?"

"How's Lupy (*Ida Lupino, his wife*)?" I inquire, ignoring the question, because this business of getting together is a game Louie and I have been playing for years. Whenever we meet we exchange phone numbers and one is always going to call the other one next day—but we somehow never do.

"Have you seen her in 'The Light that Failed,'" Louie enthuses. "If she doesn't get the Academy Award for her work it'll be because of bigotry—or something. She's sensational. Hey, where you going?"

"Give her my love and tell her she can have my vote even before I've seen the picture. I've got to get out to—

M-G-M

ONLY two pictures out here I haven't already told you about—"Arouse and Beware," starring Wallace Beery, and "Young Tom Edison," starring Mickey Rooney.

I would as soon think of missing a Rooney picture as I would a cocktail party. Mickey can make even a trite story come to life and when he gets hold of a really good part there are few, if any, actors on the screen who can top him.

In the picture he plays Edison as a boy. In this scene he and his sister (*Virginia Weidler*) have been banished from the classroom because he was prompting her. In the cloakroom Mickey pulls a bottle of hydrochloric acid from one pocket and a bottle of concentrated ammonia from another. He nonchalantly mixes them to see what will happen. He finds out. There is an explosion and the school house is on fire.

You can imagine what Mickey will do with a part like that!

* * *

THE other picture doesn't move me to such heights of enthusiasm, but it will doubtless entertain you. Every time I think Dolores Del Rio is safely out of pictures someone brings her back—and here she is again. Likewise, here is John Howard. I do not mean to cast any aspersions on Mr. Howard's ability, but why a studio with two capable leading men like Robert Young and Alan Curtis should borrow Howard to play a part either of their own actors could play just as well is something I cannot figure out.

Withdrawing my nose from something that is strictly none of my business (*although they can't stop me from thinking*) we find Howard and Beery (*two Union soldiers during the Civil War*) making their tortuous way back to the Union lines. Howard is idealistic, but Beery has had his fill of war and wants to get as far away from both armies as possible. Their only chance of getting anywhere is a map Howard has and Beery is slyly trying to worm out of him all possible information.

"Got our trail figgered out, Lieutenant?" he asks. Howard nods. "You kin tell right off which is Russian and which is American writing?" he persists. Howard, grimly amused, nods again. "Think-a that!" Wally exclaims. "You shore must be sharp."

"You're pretty sharp yourself, Sergeant," Howard smiles.

"Me?" Beery echoes deprecatingly, and then, as though he had just had a sudden idea, "Look! You just point out to me which is the way we go—the woods and cricks an' whatever landmarks, and I'll say 'em back to you—then, when I get 'em learned proper I can scout ahead and clear the track for yuh—how's that?"

"I wouldn't figure on going off alone if I were you," Howard rejoins after a moment's pause. "You couldn't make it without the map—and I'll read you that a piece at a time." He grins as Wally re-acts in blinking stupefaction that his extraordinary astuteness should have been penetrated.



Una Merkel saw the Hollywood premiere of "Destry Rides Again," in which she is featured, with her mother.

Messrs. Beery and Howard can get out of their mess as best they can for I'm leaving them flat and proceeding to—

20th Century-Fox

TWO pictures here, too—"Shooting High," starring Jane Withers and Gene Autry, and "Dance With the Devil," starring Tyrone Power, Dorothy Lamour and Edward Arnold. The latter is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month.

The other is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and it also marks Gene Autry's first appearance at a major studio.

Jane has been painting their front porch, but she paints with more enthusiasm than discretion and they have to call in a professional painter (*Autry*) to finish the job. Here he and Jane are, painting away, happy as a couple of larks, with Jane singing "Shanty of Dreams."

That girl is one of the most versatile kids I have ever seen and it wouldn't surprise me to see her doubling for Sonja Henie in an ice-skating sequence or for Zorina in a ballet number.

I stand chatting with Mrs. Withers while the scene is being shot. And then Jane comes up and thanks me for some flowers I sent her in New York. "I'm glad you got out today," she adds cordially, "because that scene you just saw is the last one in the picture. We're through!"

And all of a sudden I realize that I'm through, too—for this month. 'Bye now.

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Reviews

[Continued from page 75]

us cry over them? Of course, by now, even those who came in late know that the one and only Mr. Mickey Rooney plays Andy, and that Judge Hardy and his wife are Lewis Stone and Fay Holden, and his sister is Cecelia Parker. Cute little Ann Rutherford continues to be his best girl. In this picture Andy has all kinds of financial and romantic troubles, which are fun, and a near tragedy when his mother almost dies of pneumonia, which isn't fun. The gaga June Preisser, the Southern-accented Margaret Early, and the long-legged Leona Maricle are the girls who manage to get poor Andy into some embarrassing situations.

CISCO KID AND THE LADY

A MEXICAN ROBIN HOOD—*20th Century-Fox*

CESAR ROMERO takes up where Warner Baxter left off in the Cisco Kid series, which Twentieth Century has recently decided to resume. And with Cesar in the saddle the Cisco Kid now has far more romantic appeal than he ever had before. When that old meanie Robert Barrat murders a prospector to get his rich claim, the Cisco Kid steps in to thwart his nefarious plans and save the name for the prospector's orphaned baby. There is much battling back and forth, with plenty of gunfire, but the Kid eventually wins. He falls in love with a pretty schoolmarm, but when he finds out she loves another he switches to a gay gal in a dance hall, who saves him from capture. Hokey, but fun. Marjorie Weaver is the school teacher, and Virginia Field the dance hall dame. Highlight of the picture is a tango danced by Cesar.

THE MEXICAN SPITFIRE

ENJOYABLE SLAPSTICK—*RKO*

EVERYBODY said the success of the pie-throwing sequence in "Hollywood Cavalcade" would start a round of slapstick comedies in Hollywood, and sure enough it has. And what fun this one is! The gay, rambunctious Lupe Velez and Leon Errol are teamed again and when it comes to broad gags, and double takes, and good old roustabout comedy those two are hard to beat. Lupe is right in her element. You'll scream yourself hoarse at her antics. Leon, of the rubber legs, plays a dual role, that of Uncle Matt, and that of the veddy veddy British Lord Epping. The plot's screwball, but has to do with Lord Epping signing a contract and throwing Lupe into the arms of her boy friend, Donald Woods, against the opposition of Elizabeth Risdon, as Mrs. Matt. There's a pastry throwing sequence at the conclusion that will make Buster Keaton's mouth water.

NICK CARTER, DETECTIVE

MODERNIZED NO END—*M-G-M*

METRO has bought up the screen rights to the adventures of Nick Carter, the famous magazine detective, so it's a cinch that we are now in for a Nick Carter series on the screen. The role of Nick is played by Walter Pidgeon, and the equally famous Bartholomew the Bee Man is played by Donald Meek, both of whom are excellent in their parts. Nick's changed a lot since Grandma's day and has gotten himself all modernized and become an aviation expert. He's big potatoes as a sleuth and is out to catch the spies and saboteurs in the California airplane plants. There's a thrilling scene in which he attacks from the air a yacht in which the spies are seeking to escape with valuable blueprints. Rita Johnson plays the girl friend, and Henry Hull the inventor. Stanley C. Ridges again is the villain.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

FOR CHILDREN—OLD AND YOUNG—*Paramount*

THIS is quite the nicest thing that has happened to us movie goers since "Snow White." Max Fleischer, with Dave Fleischer directing, proves conclusively that Walt Disney is not the only genius who can make feature length cartoons in Technicolor. Dopey, Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse have a rival—his name is Gabby, and he is a most bombastic little guy with a hot temper and a lot of gab. Personally, we liked Snitch better (*Snitch and Sneak and Snoop are spies and saboteurs against the Lilliputians*), but Gabby is the leading man. "Gulliver's Travels" is adapted from the Jonathan Swift story book, which delighted us so much as children, and tells Gulliver's adventure in the land of the Lilliputians where he is washed ashore from a shipwreck. To the Lilliputians, of course, Gulliver is a giant, and the most striking scene in the cartoon is where they swarm over him and try to tie up his tremendous body. But when Gulliver wakes up he assures them that he is their friend and aids them in their war against the Blefuscans. There's a delightful romance between Princess Glory and Prince David, who have such important people as Jessica Dragonette and Lanny Ross for their singing doubles. King Little and King Bombo are not so hot, but you'll go crazy over Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon—and Snitch, of course, with his red hair and droopy drawers.

THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT

A TREAT FOR MUSIC LOVERS—*Paramount*

HERE'S an extra special treat for everyone who loves beautiful melodious music, definitely *not* highbrow. Paramount has delved into the almost inexhaustible library of Victor Herbert operettas and has served up to us, against an elaborate and effective background, certainly the most tuneful and popular of the songs. Outside of the music, which alone is worth the price of admission, the picture introduces to screen audiences a very attractive "new personality," one Mary Martin from Texas, who last year had Broadway talking about her plenty when she sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" in "Leave It to Me." Miss Martin accompanied her song with a genteel strip tease. In "The Great Victor Herbert" she doesn't remove a thing, except possibly her hat. The picture is also noteworthy in that it gives Allan Jones, a most personable young man and talented, too, his first big opportunity. You'll be seeing, and hearing, a lot more of Mr. Jones. Ditto Miss Martin. Both have nice fresh new contracts.

"All the World Will Be Talking About Her!"

[Continued from page 71]

everything she could find to read, visited Art Galleries and fell in love. After the London premiere of *Jamaica Inn* Maureen had her first foretaste of what she is doubtless going to get in avalanches here in Hollywood . . . the cheering, the pursuing, the besieging of the film fans. On that spectacular night of the London premiere, the story is told how the milling crowds separated Maureen and her mother from her father . . . how, three blocks from the theatre, Maureen looked back and saw that two panting, persistent autograph fiends were still following her on foot . . . how she stopped the cab and said to her mother: "One of those men may be father. And if it isn't, if it's someone who wants my autograph that badly, I *shall walk back and give it to him.*" And she did.

Heavens above, a *heart*, too . . .

And so it was that when RKO Studios secured Charles Laughton for the title role in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, when they were investing millions in their adaptation of the famed classic, and were planning to trust its leading roles only to top-ranking, well-known stars, Charles Laughton cabled them: "Don't take my word for it that she's star material I'll send you a print of *Jamaica Inn*. If that doesn't convince you get someone else for the heroine. But please don't cast the role until you see what she can do."

Five minutes after *Jamaica Inn* was screened in a studio projection room, the RKO producer, Pandro S. Berman, had Laughton on the trans-Atlantic phone. "You are right," said Mr. Berman, "how soon can you both be in Hollywood?"

And so, accompanied by her mother (*"mommie wouldn't have let me come alone, naturally"*) and by Mr. and Mrs. Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, fresh out of her first and only picture, came to Hollywood to play the feminine lead in one of the biggest productions in history.

One hour before she sailed she married her young production manager. Now, whether she married in haste and will repent at leisure, is not for me to say. And Maureen *doesn't* say. "It may not have been wise," is the only statement she would make. She added: "Careers create impossible situations, personally." Rumors are winging about, at this writing, saying that Maureen will obtain an annullment of her marriage as soon as she can get back to London; that she will then marry again, over here. They are rumors unfounded on any statement from Maureen. If I gauge her correctly, I should say that when she is able to do something definite about it, she will. And then, possibly, she will say what there is to be said, no more, no less.

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